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Established June, 1765, and is now in its 226th year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, and well selected missionary and valuable information. It would be difficult to find so many households in this and other States the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening to allow the school teachers to be paid in time to start on their vacation as soon as school closed on Thursday. There was a considerable amount of business to come before the board, including the question of holidays to be observed in the city generally. The Chamber of Commerce had submitted a list of holidays approved by that organization and after some discussion Armistice Day was added to the list at the request of the American Legion.

City Collector Sullivan submitted the drafts of several acts to be presented to the Legislature, some of which were approved and others being referred for further consideration. These included the bill to exempt the new hotel for a period of ten years, to create the Miantonomi Park Memorial Commission, and the bill to exempt the Newport Electric Company.

On motion of Alderman Martin it was voted to extend an invitation to Secretary of the Navy Denby to be the guest of the city on the Fourth of July.

The matter of ambulance for the board of health was brought up, and after some discussion it was voted to approve the ambulance that had been purchased and the bill was ordered paid. A great deal of routine business was transacted.

The aldermanic committee on Independence Day are already making tentative plans for the observance of the day in Newport, and it is hoped to make this one of the biggest celebrations that the city has known. It is hoped to have the active participation of a large portion of the Navy. The plans will include a number of athletic events in which it is felt that the naval men may be interested, and substantial prizes will be offered.

According to reports from New York there will be a marked revival of interest in yachting during the coming summer, and many yachts that have been laid up since the war will be commissioned this summer. The New York Yacht Club will hold its annual cruise and will put into Newport harbor, where the races for the Astor Cups will be sailed. It is expected that the fleet that makes the cruise this year will be of good size.

The apprentices from the Training Station held their first practice march of the spring season on Wednesday, covering a section of the northern part of the city, so that they were not seen by a great many people. Although the number of boys under training at this Station has been greatly reduced, the parade was a creditable one, comprising many branches of the service.

Portions of a human body were found on the shore near the estate of Marsden J. Perry on Wednesday, but as there was no possible means of identification the Medical Examiner gave permission for burial. It is supposed to have been a portion of the body of one of the men lost on the steamer Cape Fear.

The annual sessions of the New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which includes the Newport district, will open in Providence on Wednesday, April 6th.

R. H. S. BASKETBALL

EASTER SUNDAY

SUPERIOR COURT

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)
Officers Elected at Methodist Conference

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)
At the regular session of the Probate Court held at the town hall on Monday, March 21, 1921, the following estates were passed upon.

Estate of John Howland Smith. The first and final account of Alfred H. Hazard, Jr., administrator, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Abbie F. Hazard. William Thurston was appointed appraiser in place of Joshua Coggeshall, previously appointed and since deceased.

Estate of Clarke T. Barker. The second and final account of Fannie R. Barker, administratrix, was referred to the third Monday in April and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall. The first account of Albert L. Chase, administrator, was referred to the third Monday of April, with an order of notice.

Estate of Joshua Coggeshall. By assent of parties in interest, notice was waived and on the petition of Elizabeth W. Coggeshall and others, William W. Anthony was appointed administrator and required to give bond in the sum of \$3,000, with Albert L. Chase as surety. John H. Oxx was appointed appraiser.

Estate of John H. Spooner and Richard S. Spooner. Petition to appoint John H. Spooner, Senior, Guardian was referred to the third Monday of April with an order of notice.

Town Council

In Town Council a report was received from Joel Peckham, clerk of the Public School Committee, setting forth that the damage done to the Berkeley schoolhouse by fire during the morning of Monday, March 14, had been adjusted with the Insurance Company, and that the total damage had been appraised at \$5,889.00, and it was voted to approve of the adjustment as reported and the report was received.

A report was received from Percy C. Guy, the certified public accountant, relating by the town council, to audit and verify the books and accounts of the Town Treasurer, which was received and ordered on file.

Robert W. Smith presented the petition of Charlotte L. Miller and others for an appropriation sufficient to repair the roadway of Paradise avenue, and asking that the work begin at once.

This petition was received and held for further consideration. A section at the north end of this avenue has been in deplorable condition for some time. The frequent thaws of the past winter contributed to make the condition much worse, and passage by team has to be slow and careful, especially by automobiles.

The need of continuing the stone roadbed on Forest Avenue at its west end and up to its junction with the West Main Road was emphasized by remarks from Adelene A. Tuck, Nathaniel Chaplin, Alexander Stewart and James E. Wilson, owners of land on Forest Avenue, and who have frequent occasion to use the same during the winter months. Some of these owners signified their willingness to contribute stone to aid in building the roadbed. As no money had been expended in this avenue for several years, the speakers thought it only fair and reasonable to claim a small portion of the highway appropriation of 1921.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury:

John H. Spooner and others, for shoveling snow in road district No. 1, \$142.40; Joel Peckham, salary as clerk to Public School Committee, \$76; Robert M. Franklin, services as attorney in prosecuting complaints against Earl Perry and George Perry, for breaking and entering the Bantony house, \$30; the City of Newport, use of its fire apparatus in extinguishing fire at Berkeley Schoolhouse, \$205; Alvin P. Smith and son, for shoveling snow, \$9.50; James Bloomfield, for services as police constable, \$24.90; Clifton B. Ward, expenses of public health purse, \$150; Fillmore Coggeshall, services as police constable, \$9.60; Percy C. Guy, auditing books and accounts of town treasurer, \$60; G. Alvin Simmons, services as member of Public School Committee, \$25; Edward S. Peckham, coal for heating office of town clerk, \$48.08; Herald Publishing Co., advertising notice of Canvass, \$10.50; Pascal M. Conley, requires to road scraper, \$22.75; Mary E. Manchester, clerical assistance in office of town clerk, four weeks, \$40; Chase & Chase, class envelopes \$6.10, printing estimates of Budget committee, \$10; Newport County Electric Co., electric light at town hall, \$4.98; Providence Telephone Co., use of three telephones, \$8.46; Albert L. Chase, services and expenses as town clerk, \$298.26.

\$15000000 was apportioned to each highway district for ordinary repairs, and the rates of compensation for labor on the highway were fixed for the present year, being 40 cents per hour for laborers, \$7.00 per day for double team and driver, and \$5.00 per day for single team and driver.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Coggeshall are expecting to return to their home in Newport today, after having spent the winter in Florida.

Although the Rogers High School basketball team did not win the coveted championship of New England in the Tufts College games last week, they were strong contenders to the last and won the second place in a large field. Their backers in Newport were well pleased with their work as runners-up in the big tournament and the members of the team were warmly greeted on their return to the city. In recognition of their efforts and their splendid accomplishment, the members of the team were tendered a complimentary banquet under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce at the Perry House on Monday evening. There was a large attendance and former Mayor William P. Clarke, of the athletic committee of the School Committee, was the toastmaster. Addresses were made by President David C. Caesar of the Chamber of Commerce, Alderman Hughes, Headmaster Frank E. Thompson, Mr. Charles F. Gifford, and Sub-Master Fred P. Webber. All paid a high tribute to the prowess and fighting quality of the team.

Those who followed the games believed that the local organization was badly handicapped by lack of careful training to comply with the strict rules of the game. In the early contests they were badly penalized by unintentional fouls and after they had trained themselves to avoid these errors they did not feel the confidence and snap that marked their old game.

Next time they will be satisfied with nothing less than first place.

FARM BUREAU DRIVE

The Newport County Farm Bureau, in connection with the Rhode Island Federation and the National Federation, has been making a determined drive for membership renewals and new members in the County this week. Their efforts have met with pronounced success, and the campaign has been very encouraging. The same workers will next take up a drive for the Providence County Farm Bureau and then for the South County Farm Bureau. Mr. E. O. Wollcott, who has had much success in the West, has been in charge of the drive, while County Agent Knott has been kept busy every minute.

Mr. Engel

Mr. Julius Engel died at his home on Mt. Vernon street on Sunday after an illness of several months. He was one of the best known of the Jewish residents of Newport, having been engaged in business here for many years. He resided in Newport from 1892 to 1910, when he went to Brooklyn for a time, but returned here about four years ago, establishing an electrical supply business on Broadway. He disposed of a portion of his interest in this business some time ago to Mr. Benjamin T. Langley.

Mr. Engel was for a considerable time President of the Congregation Jeshuat Israel and took a deep interest in its affairs. He was also a member of Coronet Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum.

He is survived by two sons, Dr. Joseph Engel and Mr. Stewart Engel of New York, and two daughters, Mrs. Max Levy and Mrs. Herman Werner of this city.

Michael Driscoll

Mr. Michael Driscoll, who was the last proprietor of the old United States Hotel before it closed its doors for the last time, died at his home on Spring street on Monday, after a long illness. He was born in Ireland and had seen considerable service in the British army as a young man, but had made his home in Newport for nearly half a century. He was at one time engaged in the grocery business and afterward was employed at the Torpedo Station. He was the manager of the United States Hotel for some six years.

He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Theodore Stegar, Misses Katherine A. and Annie L. Driscoll, and one son, Mr. James K. Driscoll.

Local Lobster Season

There was an alarm from box 23 Tuesday morning, calling the fire department to the corner of West Broadway and Marlboro street, where much smoke was issuing from the building owned by P. H. Horgan and occupied by a pool room on the lower floor and tenements above. Children and matches are said to have been responsible for the fire which was finally located in a closet and extinguished without serious difficulty.

The local lobster season opens on April 15th, and representatives of the Inland Fish Commission were at the old State House on Thursday to issue licenses to would-be lobster fishermen. There were more licenses granted than ever before and the season promises to be a big one. The number of lobsters in Rhode Island waters is constantly increasing in spite of the large number captured each year, because of the constant restocking from the lobster hatchery at Wickford.

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The annual town meeting of the town of Jamestown will be held on April 6, but owing to court proceedings and conflicting legal advice, there is still some question as to what names will appear on the official ballot. The new caucus law has caused considerable controversy and the end seems to be some distance away.

The highway department has begun its spring work, the steam rollers having been taken out for action on Monday. This is considerably earlier than it has been possible to start in recent years. All three rollers are at work on the Bath Road job.

Senator Max Levy is reported as considerably improved, after having been confined to his home on Ayer street for several days by a severe cold. It was at first feared that pneumonia might develop, but he escaped this disease.

Judge Barrows of the Superior Court has denied the defendant's motion for a new trial in the case of English vs. Keecher, which was tried at the December session of the Court in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hayman have returned from a trip to Florida.

Tomorrow will be Easter and all the Christian churches have made preparations for special services during the day. There will be special music by augmented choirs, and the floral decorations in many cases will be elaborate. If the weather should be favorable, there should be large congregations at all the services.

Easter comes unusually early this year, but not at the earliest date possible. For that reason, the weather question is less certain than it might be later in the season, although we have had heavy snowstorms on Easter even when it came in April.

The merchants have had a satisfactory spring business during the past two weeks and stocks have moved rather rapidly. The florists' windows are well filled with flowers and potted plants for the Easter trade, and the dealers are expecting a large volume of business on Saturday.

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Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hayman have returned from a trip to Florida.

A number of the summer residences are being prepared for occupancy next month.

The public schools closed for the Easter vacation on Thursday afternoon and will re-open on April 4.

Street Commissioner Sullivan has given notice to abutters that certain streets are to be repaired by his department during the spring and warning them to make all underground connections within a short time as the streets cannot be torn up after the repairs are completed.

Mrs. Frank M. Wheeler has taken a lease of the two front rooms in the Mercury Building, formerly occupied by the Grey Tea Shoppe, and will open a hairdressing and manicuring establishment there.

A number of members of Rhode Island Consistory of Scottish Rite Masonry went to Providence on Thursday to attend the Feast of the Paschal Lamb.

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The WRECKERS

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER V

And Satan Came Also

"I saw your office lights from the street," was the way the Red Tower president began on me, and his voice took me straight back to the Oregon woods and a lumber camp where the saw-blfers were at work. "Where is Mr. Norcross?"

I told him that Mr. Norcross was upstairs, and that I didn't suppose he would come back to the office again that night, now that it was so late. "My name is Hatch, of the Red Tower company," he grated, after a minute or two. "You're the one they call Dodds, aren't you?"

I admitted it, and he went on.

"Norcross brought you here with him from the West, didn't he? What pay are you getting here?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to cuss him out right there and then and tell him it was none of his business. But the second thought (which isn't always as good as it's said to be) whispered to me to lead him on and see how far he would go. So I told him the figures if my pay check.

"I'm needing another shorthand man, and I can afford to pay a good bit, more than that," he growled. "They tell me you are well up at the top in your trade. Are you open to an offer?"

I let him have it straight then. "Not from you," I said.

"And why not from me?"

Here was where I made my first bad break. All of a sudden I got so angry at the thought that he was actually trying to buy me that I couldn't see anything but red, and I blurted out, "Because I don't hire out to work for any strong-arm outfit—not if I know it!"

For a little while he sat blinking at me from under his bushy eyebrows, and his hard mouth was drawn into a straight line with a mean, little wrinkle coming and going at the corners of it.

When he got ready to speak again he said, "You're only a boy. You want to get on in the world, don't you? I'm offering you a good chance: the best you ever had. You don't owe Norcross anything more than your job, do you?"

"Maybe not."

"That's better. Put on your hat and come along with me. I want to show you what I can do for you in a better field than railroading ever was, or ever will be. I'll pay you—" and he named a figure that very nearly made me fall dead out of my chair. Of course, it was all plain enough. The boss had him on the hip with that kidnapping business, with me for a witness. And he was trying to fix the witness.

"I guess we needn't beat about the bushes any longer, Mr. Hatch," I said, bracing up to him. "I haven't told the sheriff, or anybody, but Mr. Norcross, what I know about a certain little train hold-up that happened a few weeks ago down at Sand Creek siding; but that isn't saying that I'm not going to."

If I had had the sense of a field mouse, I might have known that I was no match for such a man; but I lacked the sense—lacked it good and hard.

"You're like your boss," he said shortly. "You'd go a long distance out of your way to make an enemy when there is no need of it. That hold-up business was a joke, from start to finish. I don't know how you and Norcross came to get in on it; the joke was meant to be on John Chadwick. The night before, at a little dinner we were giving him at the railroad club, he said there never was a railroad hold-up that couldn't have been stood off. A few of us got together afterward and put up a job on him; sent him over to Stratton and arranged to have him held up on the way back."

"Mr. Chadwick didn't take it as a joke!" I retorted.

"I know he didn't; and that's why we're all anxious now to dig a hole and bury the thing decently. Perhaps we had all been taking a drop too much at the club dinner that night."

At that, I swelled up man-size and kicked the whole kettle of fat into the fire.

"Of course, it was a joke!" I rippled out. "And your coming here to-night to try to hire me away from Mr. Norcross is another. The woods are full of good shorthand men, Mr. Hatch, but for the present I think I shall stay right where I am—where a court subpoena can find me when I'm wanted."

"That's all nonsense, and you know it—if you're not too much of a kid to know anything," he snapped, shooting out his heavy jaw at me. "I merely wanted to give you a chance to get out of the railroad collar, if you felt like it. I like a fighting man; and you've got nerve. Take a night and sleep on it. Maybe you'll think differently in the morning."

Here was another chance for me to get off with a whole skin, but by this time I was completely lost to any sober weighing and measuring of the possible consequences. Leaning across the desk end I gave him a final shot, just as he was getting up to go.

"Listen, Mr. Hatch," I said. "You haven't fooled me for a single minute."

Your guess is right; I heard every word that passed between you and Mr. Henckel that Monday morning in the Bullard lobby. As I say, I haven't told anybody yet but Mr. Norcross; but if you go to making trouble for him and the railroad company, I'll go into court and swear to what I know!"

He was half-way out of the door when I got through, and he never made any sign that he heard what I said. After he was gone I began to sense. Just a little, how big a fool I had made of myself. But I was still mad clear through at the idea that he had taken me for the other kind of a fool—the kind that wouldn't know enough to be sure that the president of a big corporation wouldn't get down to humpering with a common clerk, unless there was some big thing to be stood off by.

"Because nobody has seen him since a little later that same night," she said, saying it very softly and without turning her head. And then: "Mr. Van Britt found a letter from Mr. Norcross on his desk the next morning. It was just a little typewritten note, on a Hotel Bullard letter sheet, saying that he had made up his mind that the Pioneer Short Line wasn't worth fighting for, and that he was resigning and taking the midnight train for the East."

I sat straight up in bed; I should have had to do it if both arms had been burnt to a crisp clear to the shoulders.

"Resigned!"—gave up and ran away? I don't believe that, for a single minute, Maisie Ann!" I burst out.

She was shaking her head again, still without turning her face so that I could see it.

"I—I'm afraid it's all true, Jimmie. There were two telegrams that came to Mr. Norcross the night he went away, one from Mr. Chadwick and the other from Mr. Dunton. I heard Mr. Van Britt telling Cousin Sheila what the messages were. He'd seen the copies of them that they keep in the telegraph office."

It was on the tip of my tongue's end to say that Mr. Norcross never had seen those two telegrams, because I had them in my pocket and was on my way to deliver them when I got shot; but I didn't. Instead, I said: "And you think that was why Mr. Norcross threw up his hands and ran away?"

"No; I don't think anything of the sort. I know what it was, and you know what it was," and at that she turned around and pushed me gently down among the pillows.

"What was it?" I whispered, more than half afraid that I was going to hear a confirmation of my own breathtaking conviction. And I heard it all right.

"It was what I was telling you about, that same evening, you remember—down in the hall when you brought the flowers for Cousin Sheila. You told him what I told you, didn't you?"

"No; I didn't have a chance—not any real chance."

"Then some other else told him, Jimmie; and that is the reason, he has resigned and gone away. Mr. Van Britt thinks it was on account of the two messages from Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Dunton, and that is why he wants to talk to you about it. But you know, and I know, Jimmie, dear; and for Cousin Sheila's sake and Mr. Norcross' we must never let it to a human soul. A new general manager has been appointed, and he is on his way out here from New York. Everything has gone to pieces on the railroad, and all of Mr. Norcross' friends are getting ready to resign. Isn't it perfectly heart-breaking?"

It was; it was so heart-breaking that I just gasped once or twice and went off the hook again, with Maisie Ann's frightened little shriek ringing in my ears, as she tried to hold me back from slipping over the edge.

Everything Went Blank.

and the grave. I had a vague notion that the door was falling over on me and smashing me flat; and after that, everything went blank.

When I came to life out of what seemed like an endless succession of bad dreams it was broad daylight and the sun was shining brightly through some flimsy kind of curtain stuff in a big window that looked out toward the west. I was in bed, the room was strange, and my right hand was wrapped up in a lot of cotton and bandaged.

I hadn't more than made the first restless move before I saw a sort of pale-faced woman in a nurse's cap and apron start to get up from where she was sitting by the window. Before she could come over to the bed, somebody opened a door and tip-toed in ahead of her. I had to blink hard two or three times before I could really make up my mind that the tip-toe was Maisie Ann. She looked as if she might be the nurse's understudy. She had a nifty little lace cap on her thick mop of hair, and I guess her apron was meant to be nurse too, only it was frilled and tucked to a fare-well.

"You poor, poor boy!" she cooed, patting my pillow just like my grandmother used to when I was a little kid and had the jumps or the measles. "Are you still roaming around in the Oregon woods?"

That brought my dream, or one of them, back; the one about wandering around in a forest of Douglas fir and having to jump and dodge to keep the big trees from falling on me and smashing me.

"No more woods for me," I said sort of feebly. And then: "Where am I?"

"You are in bed in the spare room at Cousin Basil's. They wanted to take you to the railroad hospital that night, but when they telephoned up here to try to find Mr. Norcross, Cousin Basil went right down, and brought you home with him in the armchair."

"That night, you say?" I parroted. "It was last night that the door fell on me, wasn't it?"

"I don't know anything about a door, but the night that they found you all burnt and crippled, lying at the foot of your office stairs, was three days ago. You have been out of your head nearly all the time ever since."

"Burnt and crippled? What happened to me, Maisie Ann?"

"Nothing, know; not even the doctors. We've been hoping that some day you'd be able to tell us. Can't you tell me now, Jimmie?"

I told her all there was to tell, mumble around among the words the best I could. Then she told me how the headquarters watchman had found me about midnight; with my right hand scorched black and the rest of me apparently dead and ready to be buried. The ambulance surgeon had insisted, and was still insisting, that I had been handling a live wire; but there were no wires at all in the lower hall, and nothing stronger than an incandescent light current in the entire office building.

"And you say I've been here hanging on by my eyelashes for three days? What has been going on in all that time, Maisie Ann? hasn't anybody been here to see me?"

She gave a little nod. "Everybody, nearly. Mr. Van Britt has been up every day, and sometimes twice a day. He has been awfully anxious for you to come alive."

"But Mr. Norcross?" I queried. "Hasn't he been up?"

She shook her head and turned her face away, and she was looking straight out of the window at the setting sun when she asked, "When was the last time you saw Mr. Norcross, Jimmie?"

I choked a little over a big scare that seemed to rush up out of the bed-clothes to smother me. But I made out to answer her question, telling her how Mr. Norcross had left the office maybe half an hour or so before I did, that night, going up town with Mr. Ripley. Then I asked her why she wanted to know.

"Because nobody has seen him since a little later that same night," she said, saying it very softly and without turning her head. And then: "Mr. Van Britt found a letter from Mr. Norcross on his desk the next morning. It was just a little typewritten note, on a Hotel Bullard letter sheet, saying that he had made up his mind that the Pioneer Short Line wasn't worth fighting for, and that he was resigning and taking the midnight train for the East."

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"No; I don't think anything of the sort. I know what it was, and you know what it was," and at that she turned around and pushed me gently down among the pillows.

"What was it?" I whispered, more than half afraid that I was going to hear a confirmation of my own breathtaking conviction. And I heard it all right.

"It was what I was telling you about, that same evening, you remember—down in the hall when you brought the flowers for Cousin Sheila. You told him what I told you, didn't you?"

"No; I didn't have a chance—not any real chance."

"Then some other else told him, Jimmie; and that is the reason, he has resigned and gone away. Mr. Van Britt thinks it was on account of the two messages from Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Dunton, and that is why he wants to talk to you about it. But you know, and I know, Jimmie, dear; and for Cousin Sheila's sake and Mr. Norcross' we must never let it to a human soul. A new general manager has been appointed, and he is on his way out here from New York. Everything has gone to pieces on the railroad, and all of Mr. Norcross' friends are getting ready to resign. Isn't it perfectly heart-breaking?"

I had to admit that I hadn't; that, on the other hand, it was the very thing you'd least expect him to do. But at the same time I had to hang on to my sham belief that it was the thing he had done; either that, or tell her the truth.

"Every man reaches his limit, some time!" I protested. "What was Mr. Norcross to do, I'd like to know; with Mr. Chadwick getting scared out, and Mr. Dunton threatening to fire him?"

"The thing he wouldn't do would be to go off and leave all of his friends, Mr. Van Britt and Mr. Hornack, and all the rest, to fight it out alone. You know that as well as I do, Jimmie Dodds!"

"If you won't take my theory, you must have one of your own," I said; not knowing what else to say.

"I have," she dashed back, "and I want you to hurry and get well so that you can help me trace it out."

"Me!" I queried.

"Yes, you. The others are all so stupid I even Mr. Van Britt and Mr. Ripley. They insist that Mr. Norcross went east to see and talk with Mr. Chadwick. They have found out that Mr. Chadwick, left Chicago the day after he sent that telegram, to go up into the Canadian woods to look at some mines, or something. They say that Mr. Norcross has followed him, and that is why they don't hear anything from him."

"What do you think?" I asked.

She didn't answer right away, and in the little pause I saw a sort of frightened look come into her eyes. But all she said was, "I want you to hurry up and get well, Jimmie, so you can help."

"I'm well enough now, if they'll let me get up."

"Not tonight; tomorrow, maybe." Then: "Mr. Van Britt is down-stairs with Cousin Basil. He has been very anxious to talk with you as soon as we were able to talk. May I send him up?"

"Of course I said yes; and pretty soon after she went away, our one and only millionaire came in. He looked as he always did; just as if he had that minute stepped out of a Turkish bath where they shave and scrub and polish a man till he shines.

when you should recover sufficiently to talk. Can't you, Jimmie?"

"Remembering what Maisie Ann had told me just before I went off the hooks, I thought I might tell her a lot if I dared to. But that wouldn't do. So I just said:

"I told Maisie Ann all I knew about Mr. Norcross. He left the office some little time before I did—with Mr. Ripley. I didn't know where they were going."

"They went to the hotel," she helped out. "Mr. Ripley says they sat in the lobby until after ten o'clock, and then Mr. Norcross went up to his rooms."

Of course, I knew that Mr. Ripley knew all about the Hatch auction; but if he hadn't told her, I wasn't going to tell her.

"There was some trouble in connection with Mr. Hatch that evening, wasn't there?" she asked.

"Hatch had some trouble—yes. But I guess the boss didn't have any," I replied.

"Tell me about it," she commanded; and I told her just as little as I could; how Hatch had had an interview with the local capitalists at the head of the new Citizens' Storage & Warehouse organization were scared plumb out of their shoes and were afraid to make a move; and how the newspapers all over the state were saying that it was just what they had expected—that the railroad was crooked in root and branch, and that a good man couldn't stay with it long enough to get his breath.

"It wasn't a quarrel?" she suggested. "Why should they quarrel?" I asked.

"She shook her head. "You are sparing with me, Jimmie. In some mis- taken idea of being loyal to Mr. Norcross, You needn't, you know. Mr. Norcross has told me all about his plans; he has even been generous



"You Are Sparring With Me, Jimmie." enough to say that I helped him make them. That is why I cannot understand why he should do as he has done—or at least as everybody believes he has done."

"I saw how it was. She was trying to find some explanation that would clear the boss, and perhaps implicate the Hatch crowd. I couldn't tell her the real reason why he had run away. Maisie Ann had been right as right about that; we must keep it to our two selves. But I tried to let her down easy.

"Mr. Van Britt has told you about those two telegrams that came after Mr. Norcross left the office," I said, still covering up the fact that the telegrams hadn't been delivered—that they were probably in the pocket of my coat right now, wherever that was.

Newport & Providence
Street Ry Co.Cars Leave Washington
Square for ProvidenceWEEK DAYS—6:50, 7:40, 8:50 A.
M., then each hour to 8:50 P. M.SUNDAYS—7:50 A. M., then each
hour to 8:50 P. M.

THE WRECKERS

he had left Itipley on the night of stockades, and had just flushed him in the face with the story of Mrs. Sheila's sham widowhood.

By and by we got around to my burned hand, and Fred told me Grimmer had at least succeeded in clearing up whatever mystery there was about that. The wall switch for the electric light in the lower hall at the headquarters was right beside the outer door jamb—as I knew. It had burned out in some way, and that was why there was no light on when I went downstairs. And in burning out, it had short-circuited itself with the brass lock of the door; Fred didn't know just how, but Grimmer had explained it. I asked him if Grimmer had exploded how a 110 volt light current could cook me like a fried potato, and he said he hadn't.

The afternoon at the office was a sort of cut-and-comes-alien repeat of the morning, with lots of people milling around and things going crooked and cross-ways, as they were bound to with the boss gone and a new boss coming. Nobody had any heart for anything, and along late in the afternoon when word came of a freight wreck at Cross Creek Gulch, Mr. Van Britt threw up both hands and yipped and swore like a pirate. It just showed what a raw edge the headquarters' nerves were taking on.

Though it wasn't his business, Mr. Van Britt went out with the wrecking train, and Fred May and I had it all to ourselves for the remaining hour or so up to closing time. Just before five, Mr. Cantrell, the editor of the Mountaineer, dropped in. He looked a bit disappointed when he found only us two. Fred turned him over to me, and he came on in to the private office, when I asked him to, and smoked one of the best good cigars out of a box that I found in the big desk.

I liked Cantrell. He was just the sort of man you expect an editor to be; tall and thin and kind of mild-eyed, with an absent way with him that made you feel as if he were thinking along about a mile ahead of you when you were striking the best think-gait you ever knew of.

"My word yet from Mr. Norcross, I suppose?" he said.

"I told him there wasn't."

"It's very singular to me, and to all of us, as it is to you," I threw in.

The editor smoked on for a full minute without saying anything more, and he seemed to be staring absently at a steamship picture on the wall. When he got good and ready, he began again.

"You don't need any common platin-clothes man on this job, Jimmie; you need the best there is: a real, dyed-in-the-wool Sherlock Holmes, if there ever were such a miracle."

"You think it is a case for a detective?"

"I do," he replied, looking straight at me with his cold, blue eyes. "If I were one of Mr. Norcross' close friends I should get the best help that could be found and not lose a single minute about it."

Since there was nobody around who was any closer to the boss than I was, I jumped into the hole pretty quick.

"Can you tell us anything that will help, Mr. Cantrell?" I asked.

"Not, specifically; I wish I could. But I can say this: I know Mr. Rufus Hatch and his associates up one side and down the other. They are banding together with the political pirates who control this state. From the little that has leaked out, and the great deal that has been published in the Hatch-controlled newspapers all over the state during the past few weeks, it is apparent that Mr. Norcross' removal was a thing greatly to be desired, not only by the Red Tower people, but also by the political bosses. That ought to be enough to make all of you suspicious—very suspicious, Jimmie."

The tall editor got up and made ready to go. "If I were in your place, or rather in Mr. Van Britt's, I'd get an expert on this job—and I shouldn't let much grass grow under my feet while I was about it. Call me up at the Mountaineer office if I can help—and with that he went away.

It was just a little while after this that I put on my hat and strode across the yard tracks to Kligan's office in the shops. Kligan was an old friend, as you might say: he had been on the Oregon building job with us and knew the boss through and through. I didn't have anything special to say, but I kind of wanted to talk to somebody who knew. So I loafed in on Kligan.

He loved the boss like a brother.

As soon as I came in, he fired his kid stenographer on some errand or other, and made me sit down and tell him all I knew. When I got through he was pulling at his long mustache and wrinkling his nose as I've seen a bulldog do when he was getting ready to bite something.

"You haven't got all the drop-out business cornered over yonder in the general office, Jimmie," he said slowly, sitting back in his swing-chair and glowering at me with those sultry eyes

of his. "On that same night that you're talkin' about, I stand to lose one perfectly good Atlantic-type locomotive. At ten o'clock she was set in on the spur below the coal chutes. At twelve o'clock, when the round-house watchman went down there to see if her fire was banked all right, she was gone."

CHAPTER VII

The Lost 1016

When Kligan told me he was shy, a whole locomotive, I began to see all sorts of fire-works. Of course, there was nothing on earth to connect

the boss' disappearance with that of the engine which had been left standing below the coal chutes, but the two tidings snapped themselves together for me like the halves of an automatic coupling, and I couldn't wedge them apart.

"An engine—even a little old Atlantic-type—is a pretty big thing to lose, isn't it, Kligan?" I asked.

Kligan righted his chair with a crash.

"Jimme, I've sifted this blamed outfit through an eighty-mesh screen!" he growled. "With all the devil-to-pay.



"I've Sifted This Blamed Outfit Through an Eighty-Mesh Screen."

that's goin' on over at the headquarters, I didn't want to bother Mr. Van Britt, and I haven't been advertising in the newspapers. But it's a holy fact, Jimmie. The Sixteen's gone!"

I was trying to pry myself loose from the notion that the loss of the engine and the boss' disappearance at about the same time were in some way connected with each other. It was no use; the idea refused to let go.

"Look here, Kligan, I shov'd in; can you think of any possible reason why Mr. Norcross should write Mr. Van Britt a letter saying that he had quit and was going east on the midnight train and thus should change his mind and come down here and go somewhere on that engine?"

After I had said it, it sounded so foolish that I wanted to take it back. But Kligan didn't seem to look at it that way.

"Well, I'll be shot!" he exclaimed. "I never once thought of that! But where the devil would he go? And how would he get there without somebody finding out? And why in Sam Hill would he do a thing like that, anyway? Why, sufferin' Moses! If he wanted to go anywhere, all he had to do was to order out his car and tell the dispatcher, and go."

"I can't figure it out any better than you can," I confessed. "Mr. Norcross is gone, and the Ten-Sixteen is gone; and they both dropped out between ten and twelve o'clock on the same night. Mart, I don't believe Mr. Norcross went east at all! I believe, when we find that engine, we'll find that way."

Kligan got out of his chair and began to walk up and down in the little space between his desk and the drawing-board. Besides being the best boss mechanic in the West, he was a first-class fighting man, with a clear head and nerve to burn. When he had got as far as he could go alone he turned on me.

"Jimmie, do you reckon this Red Tower outfit was far enough along in its scrap with the boss to put up a job to pass him out of the game?" he demanded.

I told him it didn't seem to fit into any twentieth-century scheme of things, and past that I mentioned the fact that the Hatch people had taken the back track and were now offering to sell out and stop chocking the wheels of reform.

"I know," he put in. "But I've been readin' the papers, Jimmie, and it ain't Red Tower, not by a jugful. The big graft in this neck—a woods is political, and the Red Tower gang is only set a cog in the bull-wheel. Mr. Norcross was gettin' himself mighty pointedly disliked; you know that. The way he was almos' to run things, it was beginnin' to look as if maybe the people of this state might wake up some day and turn in and help him."

"I know all about that," I threw in. "But where are you trying to land, Mart?"

"Right here," Mr. Norcross was the whole show. Take him out of it and the whole shootin'-match would fall to pieces—as it's doin', right now. They didn't need to slug him or shoot him up or anything like that; if it could be made to look as if he'd jumped the job, quit, cracked it all up, why, there you are. A new boss would be sent out here, and you could bet your sweet life he wouldn't be anybody like Mr. Norcross. Not so you could notice it. The New York people would take blamed good care of him."

"There ain't any track there," said Kligan, shaking his head; "or, leastwise, if there is, it hasn't any rail connection with our siding, just as I'm tellin' you. We'll have to look far-

I did. I stand, and not think it—and I do—I'm sure of it. Why, Lord o' Heavens, the Red Tower bunch was usin' us just the same as if we belonged to 'em!—ordering our men to do their machinery repairs; helpin' themselves to our railroad material that they happened to need, usin' our cars and engines on their loggin' roads and mine branches."

"You stopped all this?"

"You bet I did—between two days! They've been makin' seventeen different kinds of a ron ever since, but I've had Mr. Van Britt and the big boss behind me, so I just shoved ahead."

What Kligan said about the Red Tower people using our rolling stock on their private branch roads set a bee to buzzing in my brain. What if they had stolen the 1016 to use in that way?

"You have a blue-print of the Portal division here, haven't you?" I asked.

"Dig it up and let's have a look at it."

At first the facts threatened to blur us. The blue-print engineers' map was an old one, but it showed the spurs and side-tracks, the stations and water tanks. Since the lost engine had been standing at the western end of the Portal City yards, we didn't try to trace it eastward. To get out in that direction it would have had to pass the round-house, the shops, the passenger station and the headquarters building, and, even at that time of night, somebody would have been sure to see it.

Tracing the other way—westward—we had a clear track for ten miles to Arroyo. Arroyo had no night operator, so we agreed that the stolen engine might easily have slipped past there without being marked down. Eight miles beyond Arroyo we came to Banta, the first night station west of Portal City. Here, as we figured it, the wild engine must have been seen by the operator, if by no one else. Banta was an apple town, and the town itself might have been asleep, but the wire man at the station shouldn't have been.

"Let's hold Banta in suspense a bit, and allow that by some means or other the thieves managed to get by," I suggested. "The next thing to be considered is the fact that the Ten-Sixteen must now have been running—without orders, we must remember—against the Fast Mail coming west. The Mail didn't pass her anywhere—not officially, at least; if it had, the fact would show up in some station's report to the dispatcher's office."

At this, we hunted up an official time-card and began to figure on the "most" proposition. The Fast Mail was due at Portal City at twenty-twenty, and on the night in question it had been on time. Making due time allowances for inaccuracy in the yard watchman's story, the missing engine could hardly have left the Portal City yard much before ten-fifty-five.

The Fast Mail was scheduled at forty miles an hour. Its time at Banta was eleven-fifty-three. Allowng the 1016 the same rate of speed in the opposite direction, it would have passed Banta at eleven-fifteen or thereabouts. Hence there would still be forty-one minutes running time to be divided between the eastbound train and the westbound engine. In other words, the meeting-point, with the two running at the same speed, would fall about twenty minutes west of Banta.

Tracing the line on the blue-print, we hunted for a possible passing point, which, according to the way we had things lined out, should have been not more than thirteen or fourteen miles west of Banta. There was a blind siding ten miles west, but beyond that, nothing east of Sand Creek, which was twenty-one miles farther along; at least, there was nothing that showed up on the map. The ten-mile siding might have served for the passing point, but in that case the crew of the Fast Mail would surely have seen the 1016 waiting on the siding as they came by. And they hadn't seen it; Kligan said they had been questioned promptly the following morning.

Though I had been over the road with Mr. Norcross in his private car any number of times since we had taken hold, I didn't recall the detail topographies very clearly, and I couldn't seem to remember anything about this siding ten miles west of Banta. So I asked Kligan.

"That siding isn't in any such shape that the Fast Mail can get by without seeing a 'meet' train on the siding, is it?"

The big master-mechanic shook his head.

"Hardly, you'd think. I reckon we are up a stump, Jimmie. That siding is part of an old 'Y' at the mouth of a gulch that runs back into the mountains for maybe a dozen miles or so. They tell me the 'Y' was put in for the Timber Mountain Lumber outfit when they used the gulch mouth for their shipping point. They had one of their saw-mills up in the gulch somewhere, but the business died out when they got the timber all cut off."

"Tell me this, Mart," I put in quickly. "The Timber Mountain company is one of the Red Tower monopolies; did it have a railroad track up that gulch connecting with our 'Y'?"

"Why, yes; I reckon so. I'm not right sure that there ain't one there yet. But if there is, it's been disconnected from the 'Y.' I'm sure of that, because I went in on that 'Y' one day with the wrecker."

"You think this would have settled it. But I hung on like a dog to a root."

"Say, Mart," I insisted, "this 'Y' siding we're talkin' about is just around where the Ten-Sixteen ought to have met the Mail; so far as we can tell by this map it's the only place where it could have met it. And the old gulch track would have been a mighty good hiding-place for the stolen engine!"

"There ain't any track there," said Kligan, shaking his head; "or, leastwise, if there is, it hasn't any rail connection with our siding, just as I'm tellin' you. We'll have to look far-

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ther along."

Somehow, I couldn't get it out of my head but that I was right. Our guesses all went as straight as a string to that 'Y' siding ten miles west of Banta, and I was sure that if I had been talking to Mr. Van Britt I could have convinced him. But Kligan was awfully hard-headed.

"It's supper time," he said, after we had milled a while longer over the map. "Tomorrow, if you like, we'll take an engine and run down there. But we ain't goin' to find anything. I can tell you that, right now."

"Yes, and tomorrow we may have the new general manager; and then you and I and all the others will be hunting for some other railroads to work on," I retorted.

I pretty nearly had him over the edge, but I couldn't push him the rest of the way to save my life.

"If there was the least little scrap-a-reason even to imagine that Mr. Norcross had gone off on that stolen eight-wheeler, it would be different, Jimmie," he protested. "But there ain't; and you know doggone well there ain't. Let's go 'by town' and hunt us something to eat. You'll feel a heap clearer in your mind when you get a good square meal inside of your clothes."

We left the shop offices together, and got shut out, crossing the yard, by a freight that was pulling in from the west. There was a yard crew shifting on the other side of the incoming train, and rather than wait for the double obstruction to clear itself, we walked down the shop track, meaning to go around the lower end of the station.

This detour took us past the round-house, and when we reached the turn-table lead, the engine of the just-arrived freight came backing down the skip-track. Seeing Kligan, the engineer swung down from the step at the lead switch, leaving the hostler to "spot" the engine on the table. I knew the engineer by sight. His name was Gorcher, and he was a reformed cow-punch—with a record for getting out of more tight places with a heavy train than any other man on the division.

"Here's lookin' at you, Mr. Kligan," he said, with a sort of Happy Holligan grin on his smoky face. "You been passin' the word, quiet, among the boys to keep an eye out for that Atlantic-type that got lost in the shuffle, ain't you? Well, I found her."

"What's that—where?" snapped Kligan, in a tone that made a noise like the pop of a whip-lash.

"You know that old gravel pit that digs into the hill a mile west of the old 'Y' on the Timber Mountain grade? Well, she's there; plumb at the far end o' that gravel track, cold and dead."

"Crippled?" Kligan rapped out. "Not as we could see; just dead. She's got her nose shored a piece into the gravel bank, but she ain't off the rail."

Kligan nodded. "Who else saw her?"

"Nobody but the boys on our train, I reckon."

"All right. Don't spread it. Want to make a little overtime?"

"I ain't kickin' none." "That's business. After you've had your supper, call up your fireman and report to me here at the round-house. We'll take a light engine and go down along and get that runaway."

This seemed to settle Kligan's

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Last Sunday was a hot day in Boston. The mercury in the thermometer climbed as high as 78 degrees, and all the city went panting for Revere Beach.

The Newport Bar Association, as well as the lawyers generally throughout the State, are opposed to the Sayles probate act, so called, now before the General Assembly. There was a big hearing on the bill in the State House Wednesday, Attorneys Williams and Peckham representing the Newport Bar Association.

Massachusetts General Court has repealed its daylight saving law of last year and has passed an act to have daylight saving begin the last Sunday in April and come to an end the last Sunday in September, thus cutting off two months from the time. This action will complicate matters in other sections of the surrounding country.

The emergency tariff bill passed by the last Congress and vetoed by President Wilson will be re-enacted as soon as possible after the new Congress comes together, on April 11. This has been agreed to by leaders in both houses. President Harding will sign the bill. This bill is designed primarily to aid the farmers of the country.

The New Haven road is laying off men in most of its repair shops. Several thousand have been discharged already and more are to follow. There have been very few discharges of the New Haven employees in this city as yet. Vice President Buckland says that the road must have the 10 per cent. increase in fare and freight rates asked for, or the road cannot exist.

Robbers are getting to be exceedingly numerous in many of our cities. Two men robbed the Blackstone Valley Gns Co. in Woonsocket Sunday evening. They locked the cashier in a closet and got away with \$2110. In Boston the same evening they robbed a lunch room almost next door to a police station and made a successful get-away. A bomb tore out the entire front of the house of a doctor in Bridgeport the same evening and injured several people.

People in many parts of New England thought that summer had come in earnest on Monday. It was said to have been the hottest March 21 in history. The thermometer registered 84 degrees in Providence and was equally high in many other cities and towns. In Newport the weather was what might be called "just fine" and very appropriate for the season. Although the thermometer registered high in many places at midday it took a sudden drop by night. In Boston the official register showed 82 degrees at 1 p. m. and 48 degrees at midnight. Two men were overcome in that city by excessive heat.

The automobile is a great institution, but it has been the general disturber of many industries. It has practically driven the horse into iniquous desuetude, as a conveyor of travel. It has sent nearly every suburban trolley line in the country into bankruptcy, and has greatly interfered with the profit of the urban lines. It has rendered unprofitable many lines of steam railroads by taking away their passenger travel, and its enormous trucks have become the great freight carrying conveyances in many parts of the country. What it will do next is a problem for the future.

ANOTHER DAYLIGHT HEARING

The board of aldermen are planning to have another public hearing on the subject of daylight saving next week. At the first hearing the sentiment was in favor of continuing the system, in vogue for several years, but the next hearing will be for the purpose of making a strong protest against the adoption of the Sherman act, which would prohibit cities and towns from adopting daylight saving ordinances.

That act was introduced in the Senate some time ago by Senator Arthur A. Sherman of Portsmouth and referred to the committee on special legislation, of which he is the chairman. This week the bill was reported out and is now on the calendar of the Senate. It is expected that the vote in the Senate will be rather close with a possibility that the bill may pass that body. There is, however, little likelihood of such a bill passing the House. Last year the House passed the bill creating daylight saving for the State, but it died in the Senate.

The people of Newport, like those of other cities in the State, seem to be overwhelmingly in favor of daylight saving. According to the present city ordinance the change goes into effect annually on the last Sunday in April.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The House of Representatives has this week passed the annual appropriation bill in record-breaking time. The disputed items were made a special order for Thursday after the unchallenged items had been adopted on Wednesday. The disputed items were disposed of in one day and the bill was passed as reported by the committee on Finance. It now goes to the Senate for concurrence. The bill is a big one this year, but does not comprise all the appropriations that will be made. From now on there are expected to be many financial measures reported and passed. Provision will also be made for improvements and possibly new buildings for the State institutions at Cranston, which will take a large amount of money, probably to be raised by a bond issue.

The Sherman bill to prevent daylight saving is expected to be productive of much argument when it comes up on the floor of the Senate next week.

Several important hearings are scheduled for next week, and the approaching end of the session is forecasted by the activity of the important committees.

NARRAGANSETT PIER RAILROAD

The South County Railroad from Kingston to Narragansett Pier will be abandoned and sold for junk unless the two towns of South Kingstown and Narragansett, vote to finance it. A meeting of all the parties interested was held a few days ago, and the alternative was put squarely up to the towns by Mr. Hazard, the present owner of the road. It will require \$16,000 to make good the present deficiency. South Kingstown is asked to appropriate \$10,000 of this and Narragansett \$5000. In addition it was plainly shown that the merchants along the line must cease using auto trucks and have their goods come by the railroad in the future, if the road is to continue to exist. Mr. Hazard informed the meeting held Monday that he had been offered \$7000 for the line, to be junked, which would be accepted unless the towns came to the rescue.

STATE WIDE MOVEMENT FOR REFORM

The women of Rhode Island have started a State wide movement to demand legislative action for the betterment of the conditions of the State Infirmary. This action is the result of a meeting of the Civic League of Newport, which passed resolutions last week, demanding immediate action. On Wednesday Miss Maud Wetmore, as chairman of the Women's organization of the State appointed the following committee of well known ladies to act in the matter: Mrs. Henry A. Whitemarsh, chairman; Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingston, Mrs. Henry T. Cushman; Mrs. Horace Bissell, Mrs. Estella Einstein, Mrs. Robert E. Newton, Mrs. R. H. I. Goddard and Mrs. George H. Crooker of Providence, and Mrs. William S. Sims and Miss Anna B. Henshaw of Newport. This organization will start the work of reform at once.

The Providence Journal in its art review section last Sunday had an excellent likeness of our veteran city treasurer, John M. Taylor. It calls him the champion, all-round treasurer. It says of him:

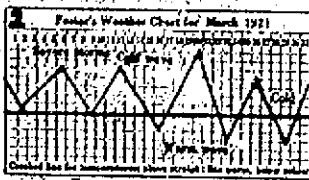
"John M. Taylor of Newport is believed to hold the State's record for handling of corporate funds. He has been treasurer of the city of Newport since 1904, of Emmanuel Church, Newport for 57 years, and for a long period treasurer of Rhode Island Lodge of Odd Fellows, of which he has been a member for 50 years. He is also the oldest official in point of service in the Royal Arcanum in the country, having recently been installed for the 43rd time as collector of Coronet Council of Newport.

Jacob A. Eaton, for several years a member of the General Assembly from Providence, died at St. Joseph's hospital in that city on Sunday, from a cerebral hemorrhage. He was a native of Roumania, coming to this country in 1895. He had held many offices in the State, among which were printing commissioner, jury commissioner, and was at the time of his death a prominent member of the House Finance committee. Mr. Eaton was an active outspoken man, and took very naturally to politics. He had many warm friends in the State as well as many equally as warm enemies. He was of the Jewish faith.

Kolah Grotto had a very pleasing social evening following the regular business session in Masonic Temple on Thursday evening. There was a large attendance of members and a very amusing program was rendered. Refreshments were served after the entertainment under the direction of the stowards, Messrs. John K. and Joseph McAlpine.

Yesterday, March 25th, was the date when it was formerly the custom for many colored men from the South to land in Newport to seek jobs on the farms of the Island. A few years ago there were many of these men waiting on Washington Square in the early morning of March 25th.

Some herring have been landed at the local docks, a sure sign of spring



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Mar. 26, 1921.

Five storm waves will cross continent during April, crossing meridian 90 near April 8, 14, 22, 18, as they progress eastward. The storm wave consists of three principal features; warmer, stormy, cooler. The average time in crossing continent from Alaska to vicinity of Newfoundland is near five days and, as the storms move in a half circle, on this continent, around the magnetic north pole, the average path of the storms goes far south after passing east of Rockies. Force of these storms will increase from first to last of April, most severe during weeks centering on April 9 and 22.

Crop weather of April will be generally good with average temperatures and rain. After first week in April the center of evaporation will be on central Atlantic ocean east of Newfoundland. As the evaporated moisture will move westward to meet the eastward-bound storms most rain will fall east of the high ridges and mountains that extend northward and also on the eastern slopes of high hills and elevated lands. These conditions are quite favorable to two-thirds, or three-fourths, of the continent, but west of these elevations may be expected less than usual rain. This appears unfavorable to west of Rockies, near Alleghenies on west side, west of Black hills, between Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies; favorable to valleys of rivers extending eastward.

Most rain is expected during the weeks of severe storms. These conditions indicate about average crop weather for the continent as a whole, and therefore does not suggest any particular influence on the grain and cotton markets. Apparently the cotton states and some sections of the grain states will get a little too much rain. Temperatures of April are expected to be about normal, or the average of many past Aprils.

If we could have fair markets, I would say that grain and cotton are too low on the farms and their products too high when they reach the consumers. But we have no fair markets.

Miss Speake Rose and Joe Martin were entertained at a steak dinner last Sunday afternoon by the "Bandit Club" at their quarters at First Point.

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EDWIN DENBY

New Secretary of Navy
Old in Naval Affairs25,000 PATRIOTS
HIS RHINE RALLY15,000 in Madison Square Garden, 10,000 at overflow cheer
Preaching of Americanism.

"WAR ENTHUSIASM" PREVAILS

Littleton Declares It Is No Time for
Sterilized Neutrality—Wishes for a
Peace Made at Potsdam—Von
Mach's Speech "Treason."

New York City.—The all-American mass meeting in and around Madison Square Garden was a tremendous demonstration of that brand of patriotism which is pure, undiluted and unadulterated. Its success was unqualified and uniphasional. In all the lush spread of color only one flag was displayed—the Stars and Stripes. For once not even the emblems of the Allies shone in the decorative bunting.

The American Legion gave its answer to the "Hilde horror" propaganda in a tremendous all-American demonstration in which 25,000 persons, most of them war veterans, participated.

A bugler standing on the flag-swept speakers' stand at Madison Square Garden sounded "Taps" while 14,000 men and women stood reverently at attention.

In the center of the main floor 200 gold-star mothers stood with their heads high in the beginning but bowed in their hands and bathed in tears as the poignant notes came to a close. The silence ended in a roar that filled the auditorium.

A moment later came the call:

"On this solemn night, filled with the inspiration born of the memories of gallant men, we have come to pledge ourselves that this nation shall yet become a land of the one tongue, one ideal, one flag."

The answer was a passionate outburst of cheering and a frantic waving of flags, and the all-American meeting of the American Legion and a coalition of patriotic societies was under way. Not again during the evening could it be called "all-American"; it was anti-German and nothing else.

The Garden was filled to the capacity allowed by the authorities three-quarters of an hour before the meeting was called to order at 8:15. Twenty thousand who sought but were denied admission thronged Madison Square, remaining for open air meetings that were held at three stands along Madison and Fifth avenues. No period of the war saw such enthusiasm as marked the meetings inside and out.

Long before the meeting had begun the temper of the crowds had manifested itself. Bands played in every corner of the Garden. Post after post of the Legion had searched in veterans of the Civil War from North and South alike, veterans of the Spanish War and veterans of still other military adventures of the United States had been cheered as they arrived; the Gold-Star mothers and their escort of D. S. C. men had been given an especial greeting; nurses and yeomen (F) had been hailed.

The enthusiasm started hours before the meeting. In response to the plea of the committee of patriotic societies that organized the all-American demonstration, shopkeepers and householders in all parts of the city had flown the American flag. Hundreds of thousands of citizens pinned American flags upon their lapels.

The great audience greeted with a deafening chorus of cheers a mention of Dr. Edmund von Mach, the promoter of the "Horror" meeting. It condemned hyphenism, linked German propagandists with "pulling pacifists," bewildered Bolsheviks and Sinn Fein dictators.

The meeting broke into a prolonged outburst of patriotic fervor when Martin W. Littleton, pointing to General John J. Pershing seated nearby on the speakers' platform, declared that the only mistake the Allies had made was that they had not marched to Berlin to perfect a Potsdam peace instead of a Versailles armistice.

Two hundred patriotic and civic organizations joined with the American Legion to give a fitting rebuke to the German meeting held in the Garden on February 28, and to condemn the holding of any further "polyglot" demonstration.

General Pershing was the last speaker and none of those who had preceded him awoke greater enthusiasm. He said this meeting seemed to him especially timely. "Certain influences," he said, "again have arisen to poison the public mind and efforts are being made to weaken the ties that bind us."

MEET DEATH IN GERMANY

Two American Soldiers on Motor Truck Killed by Fast Train.

Coblenz.—Privates Thos. Hanenkrat, of Strasburg, Ohio, and Lawrence Murphy of El Paso, Tex., of the American Army of Occupation, were killed when the Cologne express struck a truck which they were driving at Wessenthal. Private Lawrence Baker, the third man in the truck, was seriously injured. The bodies of Hanenkrat and Murphy will be returned to the United States.

COPENHAGEN.—Employers' Association declared a lockout of workers in the iron and metal industry, textile, shoe, brick factories, and in the sawmills to Denmark. A strike was called to retaliation, involving 200,000 workers.

The Derby Manufacturing Company of Derby, Conn., has lost a suit to restrain the collector of internal revenue from collecting federal taxes to the amount of \$519,000. The decision of the state supreme court in the case, finds that the state has no right to interfere with the internal revenue department.

MISS JESSIE BURRALL

Organizer of the World's
Largest Sunday School ClassGERMANY VICTOR
IN SILESIAN VOTELoss Feared of Region Containing
Important Coal and Zinc
Mines Called Essential.

MAY GIVE SLICE TO POLAND

Plausible Result Regarded as Up-
holding Polish Stand for Tri-
angular Triangle and Linguistic
Frontier.

Berlin.—The net result of the Upper Silesian plebiscite has been as was expected, Germany winning the manufacturing centres and Poland the most important mining region.

But while the early news of the vote brought from the German press a fanfare of triumph, in official circles it is feared that the geographic division of the vote will give the allied supreme council a too ready ethnographical authorization for a policy of partitioning Upper Silesia, which hitherto has been industrially an integral unit. This tone is also reflected in later press comment, which fears Germany may yet lose the rich mining and iron manufacturing district.

Almost complete returns, according to dispatches from Beuthen, show roughly that the Germans polled sixty per cent, and the Poles forty per cent of the votes. The northern plebiscite area is 87 German and also a majority of the cities. The Poles have won the southern agricultural regions around Plesz and Rybnik with seventy-eight per cent, of the votes cast there.

At the same time, the Poles carried the industrial districts around Beuthen, Katowice and Jaroslaw, but the cities themselves voted German.

The northern third of the province and that part west of the Oder river went German, while the Poles carried the remainder, except the large towns. Generally the manufacturing districts and mining regions went Polish.

Neither contestant is entirely satisfied, each predicting a victory per cent victory.

As a whole, however, the Poles are more pleased than are the Germans, because the whole of the plebiscite returns are sufficient to substantiate the Polish claims regarding an industrial triangle. Poles in Paris have expressed the idea that in Upper Silesia there may be established a linguistic frontier.

Intense excitement prevails in Upper Silesia, and local observers, therefore, feel there is need of a prompt decision on the vote.

German voters, while expecting a strong Polish vote in Rybnik and Plesz, where the richest Silesian mines are located, hoped for a better German showing.

Based on early returns, Dr. Simons, the German Foreign Secretary, gave the vote as 713,700 for adhesion to Germany and 460,700 in favor of Polish incorporation. He added: "All the towns, especially the industrial centers, show an overwhelming German vote. The Polish majorities are in the country, especially in those parts to which, contrary to the urgent desire of the German Government, troops were not sent in time for the protection of the German population, surely tried by the Polish terror."

A few untoward incidents characterized the voting, but with allied patrols, with tanks and machine guns, on the march from six o'clock in the morning, nothing serious occurred. The night before the voting some bombs were thrown in a village, near Katowice, but there were no casualties.

The allied district commander in Beuthen reported that during the day he received a hundred desperate appeals for protection, but the only trouble was the breaking of one window frame and the throwing of three bombs in a garden where some Germans were celebrating. No one was hurt.

The plebiscite was not spectacular, because the Allies forbade posters, parades and singing. An American visited thirty polling booths at Beuthen, but saw no disorder, despite the fact that Beuthen is regarded as a notorious Polish trouble center. Indeed, the quiet here was more marked than was the case in the East Prussian plebiscite.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Average population in the United States in 1920 was 35.5 persons per square mile.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson called at the White House and had tea with Mrs. Harding. She spent half an hour chatting with the new first lady of the land.

Decisions in Texas courts valuing the life of a locomotive fireman at \$10,000 and a switchman at \$22,500 stand, as the result of the refusal of the supreme court to review them.

Heirs of Buford McCoy, a Santa Fe switchman, won the smaller verdict; heirs of H. C. Mills won the larger.

Notice has been served on the administration by house leaders that there is not a chance of Congress voting enough money to maintain more than skeleton crews in the present navy if all the ships are kept in commission.

President Harding now is inclined to favor an emergency tariff bill limited to wool, mutton and beef, wheat and possibly dairy products.

President Harding will consider all political prisoner cases at the earliest possible opportunity, according to Lucy Robbins, head of the A. F. of L. amnesty committee.

President Harding will throw his influence and that of the entire administration behind some emergency measure for the protection of agriculture.

President Harding has been informed that he has authority to impose an embargo on imports under war powers given by the trading with the enemy act. He does not wish to resort to the use of war powers, however, except as a last resort.

Secretary Mellon and Comptroller, of the Currency Crissinger attended for the first time the regular meeting of the Federal Reserve Board.

Grieving over his losses of \$500 in the recent Panzer getrich-quick bubble, George C. Ball, 43 years old, of Worcester, Mass., before leaving his home told his wife and three children that he intended to end his life by throwing himself into Lake Quinsigamond. His efforts to do so were failed by a policeman.

Daylight saving time in Connecticut, to be fixed by local ordinance, was denied all the cities and towns by the General Assembly. The Senate adopted, 19 to 14, the bill of the agricultural committee, which reaffirms that standard time must be the only time in Connecticut.

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Military officials issued stringent orders to the troops against commission of reprisals, but reports were received of burning of houses and farms belonging to persons known to be sympathetic with the Sinn Feiners.

To combat the renewed, outbursts of officials in Dublin announced more stringent curfew laws. No person will be allowed on the street for any cause between ten o'clock P. M. and five o'clock A. M. It was stated, "The new ruling has gone into effect and probably will be continued until after the Easter holidays. Wartime conditions prevailed throughout County Cork following an ambush at Cross Barry, in which eight Sinn Feiners and seven Crown troops and a policeman were killed. A score of Sinn Feiners, together with a large quantity of ammunition and incriminating documents, were captured by the British troops after the ambush.

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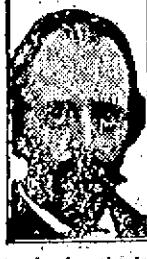
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CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE DEEMSTER

By HALL CAINE

Condensation by
Caroline Ticknor

Thomas Henry Hall Caine, since 1918 Sir Hall, of Maxe descent, was born at Runcorn, May 14, 1863.

He was trained for an architect, but was attracted to journalism and to the writing of novels, which have frequently been reproduced on the stage during the time he has taken a hand in pro-

panda, largely intended for America, and was editor of "King Albert's Book" and Queen Alexandra's "Christmas Carol." His best-known stories have attained an enormous circulation in print, and reached great audiences on the stage. "The Deemster," "The侯爵," "The Manxman," "The Christians," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" are among the best known, in a long list, which have passed from the printed page to the stage, and finally in some cases to the screen.

It will be interesting to see how his books last. A certain force he undoubtedly has, and he knows extremely well how to choose a subject with an appeal to a large audience; he has, however, a considerable crudity in thought and expression, and his emotional passages sometimes have the air of being created to order.

No English-speaking author has ever been so extensively advertised as Hall Caine. He must wait a generation or so to see whether in the end it pays to advertise.

THE scene of this story is laid in the Isle of Man, two centuries ago, and it is filled with the weird superstitions of the Manx people.

Thorell Myrea, the Deemster, was a violent, cruel and crafty judge, who dwelt among the sturdy fisher-folk dispensing whatever justice suited his purpose. Being accustomed to bending all others to his will he was bitterly disappointed when his scholarly son, Ewan, refused to fulfill his worldly ambitions and retired into the ministry. In anger, he cast him off and took into his household his illegitimate son, Jarvis Kerruish, a worthless rascal.

Those qualities of strength and leadership which he longed to see in his son, Ewan, the Deemster found in his dare-devil nephew, Dan Myrea, son of his gentle and God-fearing brother, Gilchrist, Bishop of Man. Dan was a handsome, fiery young giant, who excelled in every manly sport, and Ewan and his lovely sister, Mona, adored their stalwart cousin, whose wild exploits among the fishermen gave the bishop much anxiety. From time to time Dan's impulsive nature ran away with him and he committed some reckless act that he sorely repented later.

In a moment of thoughtlessness, when bounded for a debt, which he feared would worry the bishop, Dan forged his cousin's name, feeling sure that Ewan would willingly have advanced the money, and Ewan, being confronted with the signature, declared it to be his own, telling a lie to save his cousin from prosecution.

Dan's prompt expressions of sorrow and gratitude were checked by Ewan's announcement that Dan should be from this time a stranger to himself and sister. Crushed and humiliated, Dan rushed to Mona's home and sought his cousin in her room, where he acknowledged his fault and protested against being estranged from her.

Mona assured him that nothing should ever estrange them, and Dan, deeply repentant, hurried away, encountering in the hall Jarvis Kerruish, who seeing him emerge from his cousin's room, promptly reported to the Deemster this evidence of Dan's improper conduct towards Mona.

The Deemster, whose feeling for Dan had changed to jealous hatred, in turn conveyed this intelligence to Ewan, doing his best to convince him that Dan had treated Mona dishonorably. An excited interview between Ewan and his sister followed in which Ewan mistook her innocent protestations of love for Dan for a confirmation of her lover's guilt, and dashed away to avenge her supposed wrong. He found Dan ready to beg forgiveness for his past fault, but in blind passion Ewan took no heed of his words; accused him of being the basest of scoundrels, and bade him depart from the island.

Dan protested his innocence, but when he found that Ewan believed him to be so base, his own wild passion flamed up and he, in turn, cried out that there was "room for but one of them in the world."

A mortal combat followed, near the edge of a cliff, and Ewan, almost overcome, threw his dagger into the air and reeled backward, falling over the precipice to his death. Then Dan realized what he had done and was overwhelmed with remorse.

It was Christmas eve, and Mona, waiting for Ewan's return, had a terrible presentiment of his fate. As she tried to banish her fears, Dan climbed in through her window, prostrated himself before her, and confessed his guilt.

Filled with grief for her brother, now of oratory, is alternately buoyed up by a conviction that fortune is at last about to smile upon him, and reduced to the depths of despair by her sudden and unaccountable withdrawal. David comes to have a genuine liking for the couple, so much so that when the Micawbers, having failed to meet certain financial obligations, are obliged to move to prison, and David to seek new quarters, he feels such a

sense of loneliness that he determines to run away to his aunt, Betsy Trotwood, at Dover, an aunt whom he has never seen, but of whom he remembers to have heard.

The aunt adopts him and sends him to school at Canterbury, where he boards with his aunt's lawyer and man of affairs, a Mr. Wickfield, and his daughter, Agnes, whose serene goodness becomes a constant inspiration to David. Here also he comes in contact with Mr. Wickfield's clerk, Uriah Heep, "a very 'umble person," an individual with a cadaverous face and a head covered with curly stubble, red eyes, which have a curiously unshaded appearance, and which seem to David to be ceaselessly watchful. His grueling humility and clammy hand grasp all David with uncontrollable torturing and distrust.

Having graduated with honors, David decides to become a proctor and enters the office of Spenlow and Jorkins. He at once falls head over heels in love with Mr. Spenlow's distractingly pretty daughter, Dora, who returns his affection. On hearing that Peggotty's husband is dying, David makes a hurried visit to Yarmouth to comfort his old nurse. While there, Emily, within a few days of becoming Hall's bride, little Emily, the precious treasure of her old uncle's heart, disappears and with her Steerforth. Carried away by his gallantry and persuaded that he will make her "a lady," Emily is none the less distracted by a sense of terrible humiliation and of degradation, for which she implores her uncle's forgiveness. David, overcome by the thought that it was he who first brought Steerforth to Yarmouth, returns to London, to find that his aunt has lost the greater part of her fortune. This makes it necessary for David to add to their income by using all his spare time in literary work.

Dora, confidante; uppermost in his thoughts, although Mr. Spenlow opposes the match. His sudden death leaves the timid, trustful, artless Dora, to the surprise of all, nearly penniless. David's income, though slender, permits of their marriage.

With all his love for his child wife, as she calls herself, he finds that her gay irresponsibility results in anything but a comfortable home. After vainly trying to develop her childish nature he uncomplainingly makes the best of it and continues to admire her bewitching ways. Meanwhile Uriah Heep has managed by deceit to worm his way into partnership with Mr. Wickfield, after which he proceeds to gain full control of the business. Considering Mr. Micawber likely to be a useful tool, Uriah hires him in the capacity of clerk, at such a meagre salary that Mr. Micawber is obliged to borrow sums of money from Heep, who takes advantage of this indebtedness to force Mr. Micawber to assist him in his dishonest practices.

At the end of a year Mr. Micawber requests an interview with David and his aunt at Canterbury. They find him filled with righteous contempt for Uriah Heep, the hypocritical plotter, and prepared to make a sweeping exposure, which he forthwith proceeds to do in his loftiest style which results in the recovery of Betsy Trotwood's money, full restitution to Mr. Wickfield, and, in Mr. Micawber's own words, the final pulverization of Heep.

"Blossom," as David delights to call Dora, proves as frail as the name, and in spite of his tenderest care she droops and at length is gone.

As at other times of trial, it is the quick sympathy of Agnes Wickfield that softens the pain, and through her influence David plans to go abroad for a time. Meanwhile out of gratitude to Mr. Micawber for his service in the recovery of her money, Betsy Trotwood offers to help the Micawbers to make a new start in Australia. The family joyfully accepts the proposition and prepare to sail on the same ship with Emily and her devoted uncle, to whom she has at last returned, and who is accompanying her to the distant colony to begin life anew. Before bidding these good friends farewell, David visits Yarmouth once more and witnesses the last scene of Emily's tragedy. A raging tempest beats a ship to pieces just off the coast. One living person is seen still clinging to the mast, and the irony of fate sends him to his death in his efforts to rescue that creature, whose body when washed ashore proves to be that of Steerforth.

After three years' absence abroad, David returns to England, and gradually comes to realize that Agnes Wickfield has always been his guiding star and held sway in his heart. Betsy Trotwood, fearing that David may still be blind with regard to the feeling of Agnes toward him, guiltlessly mentions that she has reason to believe that Agnes is to be married. Whereupon David is determined at whatever cost to his own feelings, to tell Agnes of his joy in any happiness that may come to her. He soon discovers that she has never cared for any other than himself, and that her future happiness will be his as well.

As the years pass and a group of children is added to their home, David continues to find Agnes his inspiration as of old.

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Kansas City Had First Electric Car.

Kansas City had the first electric car in the United States. It was put into operation May 1, 1885, on a line south of Westport, an extension beyond what was then known as the "Westport Horse Car Line."

Knowing and Living.

Of all men perhaps the book-lover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing.—Frederick Harrison.

Deserving of High Estate.

Honor and fortune exist for him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great, always feels himself in the presence of high causes.—Emerson.

ALMOST LOST BIG DISCOVERY

Predatory Bird Carried Off Pod Containing Precious Seed That Produced Burbank Potatoes.

Luther Burbank recently told Colorado potato men a story of his discovery of the world-famous Burbank potato, which has only recently come to light. While Burbank was experimenting with potatoes about twenty years ago he noticed in his patch one plant which held one particularly promising pod of seeds. To his practiced eye these seeds and the plant which bore them would contain the germ of a new and excellent potato. If he had thought it necessary he would have put a watchman over this one small seed ball. As it developed later, the money that would have been required for a watchman would have been but a minute drop of silver in the ocean of gold which this one pod was destined to produce.

Every morning Burbank would go to the patch to see how the pod was faring, and often during each day he would look at the plant to discover the time when the pod could be picked.

One morning he went into the patch and the pod was gone. With the help of workmen he searched for it. Finally, after hunting for hours, 20 feet away from the plant, in the midst of other plants, the pod was found.

"I think a bird must have picked it off and tried to carry it away," Mr. Burbank told the Colorado potato men. "Anyhow, there it lay, and I picked it up and planted the seeds, and that's how we have Burbank potatoes today."

HAD NO ANSWER TO THAT

Georgia Man's Assertion Concerning Watermelons Left Upholder of Indiana Product Gasping.

Harry Grimsley, a Terre Haute Rotary club man, comes from Georgia and is still in love with his native state. He boasts of its wonders, and the last time he discussed on it, was telling of the wonderful bargains he got in watermelons. "Why, we got the very biggest ones for only five cents," he said.

"But they aren't so big as the ones we have up here," persisted one of his listeners. "Why, out on my farm we had some half as big around as half the top of this table. We didn't eat any of it except the core, and yet the whole family had enough of it and more."

"Down there," drawled Mr. Grimsley, in his most southern drawl, "we never eat nearer than two feet of the rind of the melon and yet there's always more than enough for a family in one melon."—Indianapolis News.

Plant Mortem Jokes.

Quite an interesting article, we fancy, could be written on "The Humor in Wills." For example, take this passage from the will of Lord Penroke: "I bequeath nothing to Lord Say, because I know he will bestow it upon the poor." Or this: "A Lancashire gentleman bequeathed an ounce of modesty to the editor of the London Journal, explaining the small quantity by saying that he was "convinced that an ounce would be found more than he would ever make use of."—Boston Transcript.

House With Straw Walls.

A house with walls made of compressed straw has been erected in Paris. The framework of the building is of wood and the sides are filled in with blocks of tightly compressed straw, which are stated to be as hard as concrete and just as inflammable. Owing to the lightness of the material, only small foundations are needed, and a house of this kind can be built in a month. The idea of using straw in this way is attributed to a French textile engineer.

Freshen Roses.

Roses will give much greater return before they are put into the water, the ends of the stems are crushed or mashed. Then when the rose will cut off the end of the stem, slit it in half for about one half inch, hold the ends in boiling water for a few minutes, then plunge the stems in cold water. The rose will be as fresh as now. Do this at night and let the roses stand in deep pitcher of water all night before placing them in the vase.

Musical Instruments in Arabia.

"The Arabian love-songs seemed for and for the desert. Always in a minor key, usually high-pitched, slightly nasal, at times, and ending in a reigned, hopeless minor note, they were weird and plaintive," according to a writer in Asia Magazine. "One did not need to understand the words; perhaps it was best that one should not, for they were frequently bald and unlovely. It was the music that told the story, revealed the passion and evoked the to the pedestrian."

Gave Them What They Asked For.

Deacons seeking ministers for their churches often applied to Mr. Spurgeon, famous English pulpit orator. One asked him to send a student who could "fill the chapel," and got an answer saying that Mr. Spurgeon had not one big enough, but he thought he could send one who might fill the pulpit. A reply came that that was really what they wanted, and a minister was accordingly sent. It was Mr. Whaley.

Smoke Injures Galvanized Iron.

Galvanized iron has been found by a German chemist to be unsuitable for roofing much exposed to smoke. Sulphur dioxide, though having little effect when dry, causes rapid deterioration in presence of moisture, and a mixture of sulphur and carbon dioxide is very corrosive, though moist carbon dioxide alone has slight action. The microscope shows in the corroded galvanized iron minute cavities and sulphate containing ferric oxide, due to galvanic action of actual solution of the zinc coating.

Necessarily Thus.

ANOTHER SWAT FOR THE FLY

Supreme Court of Maine Adds Its Voice to Denunciation of Almost Universal Pest.

The dog having had his day before the Supreme court in Washington, we now find the "busy, curious, thirsty fly" preening his wings in the solemn precincts of the Supreme court of Maine as a co-defendant. He finds few sympathizers. For his size he is the most malodorous and detestable of beasts, and the mischief he does is immeasurable. In this case the court of appeal was told that a summer boarder had engaged rooms at a hotel for two weeks and had left at the end of four days, declaring the flies intolerable. The Supreme court upholds the plaintiff in his refusal to pay for his infested accommodations.

The Journal of the American Medical Association makes the case the text of one of the most excoriating denunciations of the fly that have been penned; but will the fly care? Not a bit of it. "A fly," wrote Emerson in his despair, "is as contemptible as a hyena." Probably a fly was troubling the sage of Concord as he wrote. The best thing Josh Billings ever said was "D— a fly!" Shakespeare would have said it if he had thought of it. As a carrier of pestilential putrescence the fly is without a peer. The help of the Supreme court of Maine is welcome in putting him down.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

WILL TAKE LAND FROM SEA

People of Holland Meet Problem of Expanding Population in Characteristic Dutch Fashion.

After many years' deliberation the people of Holland have decided that they need more land, and, having reached that decision, they have gone about the acquisition of it with characteristic Dutch energy and determination, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The program contemplates the building of a 30-mile dike across the outlet of the Zuyder zee and gradual reclamation of parts of that body by means of smaller dikes and a filling-in and pumping process. The damming of the north end of the Zuyder zee presents difficulties, not only on account of the length of the dam, but also due to the fact that at the Friesland shore end the water depth varies from 11 to 33 feet. The foundation of the great dam will be, literally, billions of all sizes of tree branches, lashed together into great bundles. These will be sunk, forming a supporting mat of enormous area. Upon this will be placed a thick layer of coarse crushed stone, and on this powerful foundation will be reared the masonry of the dike.

Curiosity and Study.

Curiosity is a passion very favorable to the love of study, and a passion very susceptible of increase by cultivation. Sound travels so many feet second, and light travels so many feet in a second. Nothing more probable; but you do not care how light and sound travel. Very likely, but make yourself care; get up, shake yourself well, pretend to care; make believe to care, and very soon you will care. I am sure that a man ought to read as he would grasp a nettle; do it lightly and you are tested; grasp it with all your strength and you feel none of its uspilities.

Timepiece Gave Good Service.

Timepieces, which reached high eminence early in the machinery era and are subject only to slow wear, should rank as the most enduring of working mechanisms. A clock over the gateway of an English castle is reported to have stopped, and investigation has brought to light an inscription showing that the last striking was done in 1760. At last worn out, the massive works have ticked off the time for 300 years with no attention except winding.

Becoming Overpopulated.

Johnny, who already had two young sisters, had been promised a baby brother, much to his delight. When the eventful day arrived the nurse told him the stork had brought another darling baby sister. Poor Johnny was disheartened. Shortly afterward his father found him alone in his bedroom and asked him how he liked his new sister. "Aw," said Johnny, hopefully, "it's gettin' too crowded around here!"

Vast Riches In Comstock Lode.

The Comstock lode produced \$30,000,000 of gold and silver in the 30-year period from 1860 to 1890, the largest annual output being in 1877, when \$38,000,000 was taken out. The vein was four miles in length and great pockets in the rocks were filled with ore. It was mined to a depth of 3,600 feet, when inflowing water was so hot further depths could not be reached.

"Writer's Cramp."

Writer's cramp has been defined as an occupation-neurosis to which those who do too much writing, especially with the hand too tightly contracted, are especially liable. A person with this trouble has not complete control over the muscles of the thumb and middle and fore fingers, although other manual operations are performed without difficulty. The affection seldom manifests itself till toward middle age.

Hawk Really Farmer's Friend.

From early times in the eastern United States country boys, and even sportsmen, have held hawk shoots during the autumn flights, making their ambushes at places where woodland gives way to fields, and particularly where the flight-line is determined by an adjoining body of water. Such hunting is in general rather senseless, or worse, for most of our hawks are beneficial birds.—Exchange.

Imported Insect Pests.

Mexico has contributed its share of insect pests that are now established in this country. Chief among these are the boll weevil, the pick-bollworm and the little Mexican beetle, known as the bean ladybird. The last, which has been discovered in Alabama, threatens to spread to other states and inflict immense damage to the cotton and bean crops.

Doggie Surely Lost.

Junior's dog, Rox, had a collar with his name and address engraved on it. One day the boy let the dog go out. Later he discovered that he had forgotten to put the dog's collar on. "Oh!" said the child, "now he's sure to get lost. How will he ever know where he lives without his collar?"

Exactly What Is Opium?

A species of poppy of Hindustan and Asiatic Turkey gives us opium. The opium is the juice from incisions in the green heads of seed capsules of the plant after the petals have fallen. The juice looks milky, but turns black as it solidifies.

"LION" AT LITERARY FEAST

How Great Historian of Civilization Squelched the Jackals Who Had Imagined Him Defeated.

Lulph Stanley was an Englishman of whom Lowell said that he "knew three times as many facts as any young man whatever had any business to know."

He had but one rival in the "Lion" Palgrave, who compiled the "Golden Treasury." Much interest sprang up among their friends when the two went off on a trip together.

Charles M. L., PHARMACIST

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WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thorneys.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Guatemala

Guatemala has an area of 48,200 square miles, slightly larger than that of the state of New York. It has a population of about 2,000,000, which is approximately 40 per cent of the entire population of Central America. A large part of the population of Guatemala is of Indian blood, unmixt with the blood of Europeans. In this respect Guatemala differs from its four neighboring republics, in three of which the majority of the populace is of mixed blood, and in one of which the Indians were exterminated.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Irish Poplin Supreme

Ireland leads the world in the manufacture of poplin and, although most of the silk used is of foreign manufacture, the Dublin weavers treat it in such a manner as to make Irish poplin a distinct fabric. It is composed of worsted made from the finest wool and silk in combination, and no makers but the Irish seem to be able to produce the softness of texture and brilliancy of coloring that is so characteristic of the best poplin. This is attributed to the peculiarity of the Dublin water and the skill and knowledge of the makers.

Hygienic Sleeping Rooms

A sun-bath, at frequent intervals, is effective in keeping the bedding healthy, sweet and wholesome. To this is added, of course, daily airing of the bed-clothes for not less than two hours. Elderdown quilts, though tempting to the eye of the housewife, are not as hygienic a covering as the more easily washed woolen blankets. At least a third of our lives is spent in the bedroom. It behoves us to see that it is clean, airy and hygienic; otherwise refreshing sleep will be impossible, and health will suffer.

Furniture Cleaner

Home-made furniture cleaner can be made by adding one tablespoonful of turpentine and three tablespoonfuls of linseed or lemon oil to one quart of boiling water. When cool enough to be comfortable to the hand, use as a wash water on all furniture except white enamel. Soft chesecloth for wash cloth and a dry piece for a soft-wiggle cloth will give the good polish of clean wood. There being no varnish in the mixture, the furniture will not be sticky from this cleaner.

Orang-Outang Misnamed

Occasionally the underbrush (southeastern Borneo) crushed beneath the tread of some heavy animal—a rhinoceros perhaps or possibly an orang-outang. I might add, parenthetically, that orang-outang means, in the Malay language, "man of the forest," while orang-outang, the name which we carelessly apply to the great anthropoid, means "man in debt."—E. Alexander Powell in Scribner's Magazine.

Hawks Migrate En Bloc

The autumn migration of hawks is made partly en bloc, a large proportion of the total population of several Northern species appearing and passing southward at certain more or less definite times. Often one "wave" of the birds will follow a period of quiescence, which will, in turn succeeded by another wave.

The Death Cup

The death cup is a very poisonous mushroom of wide distribution. It ranges in color from pure white to more common form in the United States, to olive or yellow, and is so called from the prominent volva. It contains phallin and is almost invariably fatal when eaten.

Real Meaning of Thrift

The thrifty man is not necessarily a miser. Thrift means more than hoarded dollars. It embraces not only spending less than we receive, but the investment of our savings in enterprises which yield returns not only to ourselves, but to the public at large.

Wreck-Fish Well Named

The wreck-fish is one of the "habitants of the seas with peculiar habits, getting its name because it may usually be found floating about a wreck or loose timbers in the South seas. It is closely related to the stone bass of English waters.

Knowledge Equalizes

It is knowledge that equalizes the social condition of man—that gives to all, however different their political position, passions which are in common, and enjoyments which are universal.—Lord Beaconsfield.

Airing the Babies

At an infants' home in Bedford, Eng., the babies are loaded into cart-like perambulators for their afternoon airing, each little vehicle holding six and being in charge of one nurse.

Independent

New Salesman (hotly)—"I will take orders from no man!" Salesman (coldly)—"Yes, I noted that while you are on your trial trip."—Minneapolis

NEW PLANE HAS WINGS LIKE BIRD

Inventor Perfects Model After Exhaustive Study of Wild Goose and the Eagle.

U. S. EXPERTS APPROVE IT

Ninety-Six Miles an Hour With Eight Revolutions a Minute Claimed for New Machine—No Vacuum Required and Is Nonrigid.

Norfolk, Va.—An airplane with wings that flap like a bird has been patented by Thomas J. Bird, formerly of Johnson City, Tenn., now a resident of Hampton, Va. It can get up from the water as well as it can from land. It is different from the rigid winged airplane, which receives its impetus from a rapidly revolving propeller. In several tests the machine has proven that it can fly, and it is claimed by the inventor and government experts that it will probably prove a much better flyer than the present-day airplane.

Mr. Bird says his machine in the "take off" and flight through the air does not create or require a vacuum, as does the present-day airplane. Mr. Bird, who is a marine engineer, several years ago took a course in aviation at San Diego, Cal., and became regular licensed aviator. His idea was to do away with the present propeller and construct a machine with moveable wings or plates that would flap like any winged creature of the air.

Studies Bird Flight

To attain this end he made exhaustive studies of and observed the flights of wild fowls, especially the wild goose and the eagle. His observations of the sustained flight of the wild goose convinced him that that fowl is one of the swiftest of all winged creatures.

He then built a machine that he flew successfully at Santa Monica, Cal.

The motive power necessary for the propulsion of the mechanism of this flying machine is a gasoline engine or engines. The most essential mechanism is, first, the "universal joint bearing holes, which connect the wings of the flying machine, to the body, and, wherewith, the wings are caused to swing, flapping like those of a bird in the air; and, second, the wing guiding disk that causes the wings to move downward and upward in an oblong circular movement similar to that of an oarsman rowing a boat. This eliminates all jerking motion in the wing.

It is the constant aim of mechanical engineers in the construction of gasoline engines in operation to hold down the speed revolutions to keep the heat produced by gas combustion and friction at a temperature that will prevent distortion of the engines. For the type of airplane now in use the propellers must revolve very rapidly, and consequently, the engines are speeded up very near the danger point, as where a speed of ninety-six miles an hour is maintained continuously for many hours, which speed is that of the wild goose with its wings, and, by, muscular energy alone. In Mr. Bird's flying machine, with wings likened to those of a wild goose, to attain this speed the wings will be propelled eight revolutions per minute, whereas the propeller airplane will require 1,400 per minute.

The wings or planes in this invention are formed from overlapping slats, and are so constructed as to automatically close on the downward and forward thrust of the wings and open as the wings rise or recover, thereby permitting the air or water, as the case may be, to pass through without retarding the movement of the wings.

The inventor claims that no difficulty will be experienced in developing an engine revolution of 160 to 200 per minute, and a speed of 175 to 200 miles per hour.

The aviation department of the United States government has signified its encouragement of the device by offering aid in the building of a machine this coming summer at its chief construction base at Cleveland, O.

Twins Born Twenty Miles Apart Within Six Hours

Although they were born 20 miles apart and in different counties, Reuben and Ruth Walden are twins.

The stork visited the home of Mrs. Nancy Walden, wife of a farmer of Hill Top, Colo., and left a lusty boy. The attending physician placed Mrs. Walden in a motorcar and drove her to a Denver hospital, 20 miles distant, where a daughter was born to Mrs. Walden six hours later.

And—

There are two kinds of friends, those who try to run your affairs for you, and—and—and—darned if we can remember the other kind!—New York Sun.

Or Richer

The unpardonable sin in a person of a different race or religion from ours is to be smarter than we are.—Ohio State Journal.

Our Waggish Friend Again

As you say, Paper, a bridge warranted to support my strain is the bridge of a violin.—Boston Transcript.

The Financier

A man gets on his knees to an heiress that she may put him on his feet.—Dearborn Independent.

Stock Market Full of Such

Many a man who is afraid to take a chance loses his money on a "sure thing."

Rebecca Was Late,
Pastor Was Merciless

Washington, N. O.—A certain young and devout church woman of this city, whose name is Rebecca, never misses divine services, but often is late.

Last Sunday she arrived just as the pastor was reading from the Scriptures the story of Rebecca at the well. As the late-comer tripped up the aisle the minister read:

"And behold, Rebecca, came forth."

Broad smiles played over the faces of the worshippers. Blushes flooded the face of Rebecca. Courageously she went on, quickening her steps.

"And she made haste," continued the clergyman.

Smiles from the youngsters, broader smiles from the grown-ups and half-suppressed giggles from the half-grown were the response.

By that time Miss Rebecca had reached her pew. She stumbled in and sank down as if she hoped the cushions would swallow her.

"Let the damsel abide with us," said the minister, closing his book and ending the reading, much to the relief of Rebecca.

"GAY VIENNA" CITY OF MISERY

American Business Man Shocked at Conditions on Revisiting Austrian Capital.

Vienna.—An American business man who has just revisited this city was surprised at the changes that had taken place in the once gay Austrian capital that he declared that "the panorama of misery" he witnessed here was the greatest shock of his life.

Henry Barna of St. Paul, Minn., visited Vienna ten years ago, when, as he said, there was "great fun" here. Now he has returned and spent about two weeks, long enough, he declares, to know what he is talking about.

"I never dreamed," said Mr. Barna to an American Red Cross representative here, "that Vienna would show such tragic effects of the war. Food is scarce and fuel still more difficult to obtain."

"Why, there isn't a smile, much less a laugh, in that crowd," referring to the people passing the hotel in the Ringstrasse. "They seem so sad and dull-eyed, these Viennese, who were so gay when I was here before."

"Everybody seems to be carrying something. These little bundles are scraps of food which they have been given by some more fortunate neighbor or relief agencies. There's a man in a fur coat carrying a handkerchief full of food. He wouldn't have been seen doing that when I was here last; he would have been too proud."

NOBILITY TOLD TO WAKE UP

Madrid Newspaper Warns Aristocrats They Are Lagging in Science, Industry and Politics.

Madrid.—"Wake up or die!" is the warning addressed to the Spanish aristocracy in an editorial in *El Debate*, which lashes the ancient nobility of the country for its "lethal passivity" in all public matters. The writer adds:

"In order not to succumb, the nobility must not only display more democratic sentiments, but personally participate in the life of the country.

Otherwise, having already lost its ancient class prestige, surrounded by a materialistic bourgeoisie, a middle class without any defined object and a populace exasperated by political deception and economic unrest until it is ready for all kinds of violence, the ancient nobility will have nothing else to do than succumb.

The British aristocracy is giving an example of what an aristocracy should do in order to merit its name, for its members have gained distinction in science, industry and active politics and hold an important place in the intellectual, economic and social life of the country. The Spanish nobility should take note of the signs of the times, for it has only a brief moment to decide whether to wake up or die."

TEETH PROVE DOCTOR FALSE

He Blamed Them for Neuritis, So Patient Calmly Removes the Set.

Winsted, Conn.—Charles S. Warner, a commercial salesman, loves a joke and likes to tell one.

Getting no relief from a doctor's treatment for neuritis he said he visited another doctor and received a thorough examination, after which the second doctor told him his ailment resulted from poor teeth and that he could not expect any relief until the teeth had been taken out.

Mr. Warner protested, but when the doctor insisted, he yielded and removed his false teeth and handed them to the surprised physician.

Mate Gold and Silver Fowls

London.—Experiments in the department of genetics, at Cambridge, of mating domestic fowls, one sex of gold and the other of silver-marked plumage, brought interesting results.

When a silver hen was mated with a golden cock, all the sons were silver and all the daughters were gold. A silver cock transmitted the silver factor both to sons and daughters.

The Financier

A man gets on his knees to an heiress that she may put him on his feet.—Dearborn Independent.

Stock Market Full of Such

Many a man who is afraid to take a chance loses his money on a "sure thing."

FACE TELLS TRUTH

Not Infrequently Reveals One's Calling to Observer.

Characteristic Look Is Partly Developed by Nature of Work Which Is Individual's Occupation.

It seems to be pretty well agreed among those in a position to speak authoritatively that associated with the various occupations in life there is undoubtedly a type of face which more or less betrays the calling of its owner.

Medical men, especially in hospital practice, find acquaintance with these types valuable. They may not be able, with the shrewdness of Sherlock Holmes or of other acute persons, to read a man's past, present and future by a glance at him in the street, but they are able to gauge with considerable accuracy how far the history of the case, as given by the patient, is a truthful one, and how far it fits with his probable occupation in life.

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We speak also of the legal face, the musical face, the dramatic face and the military face. This is merely a broad classification, and the best authorities disbelieve the claims of the keen observer that he can differentiate to a fine degree.

There are tales of hospital physicians who claim to be able to say from a glance at the face that this or that

man is a butcher, a grocer, a bank clerk, a lawyer's clerk, commercial traveler, a stock broker, and so on.

It is thought that the fame of these medical men as rough and ready detectives has been largely manufactured for them by enthusiastic friends. But that many medical men do possess great insight into the occupations of those who come before them is true.

The question is often debated whether physiognomy is a growth of vocation or whether it shows that the vocation chosen is in accordance with the particular capacity and ability of the person to whom it belongs. In other words, if the lawyer does not show the "legal face," the aspiring minister the "ecclesiastical face," the medical student the "physician face," the soldier the "military face," the question arises, Is that a sign that they have mistaken their calling?

Is the man who "doesn't look a bit like a doctor" likely to fail because his physiognomic qualification is wanting? Or will his whatever his original features, gradually come to acquire the type of the profession to which he belongs?

The answer to the question is, of course, that both theories are right. A certain kind of face, the so-called scientific face, is so often seen among medical students as to prove that the owner of that cast of countenance is likely to adopt medicine as a career.

Conversely, whatever the original cast of features a medical man may have possessed, the anxious, delicate and absorbing work of medical practice will put a stamp upon them.

Rat Heroes

From Paris comes the news that the authorities are making war on rats. But the despised not once did the French a good turn, according to Colonel Repton's history of the war.

He says: "On the parapets of the front trenches are what look like widow flower boxes. They contain chemical materials for making a smoke screen to lift the German gas when it comes. All the rats in the trenches congregate round these smoke boxes when the gas comes, as they realize that they save themselves from suffocation. This process of lifting the German poison gas was discovered quite by chance. During a gas attack some straw was set on fire by accident and, forced the German smoke up. The rats came in swarms to squat round the burning straw and gave the French the hint."

Energy in the Atom

The knowledge of radioactivity, which has been growing since the discovery of the X-ray and of radium, has raised the atom as a tremendous storehouse of energy. The atomic energy contained, for example, in the two-inch piece of chalk with which the lecturer makes his diagrams is calculated to be 300,000,000 foot tons—enough to raise 100,000 tons 3,000 feet.

At present we do not know how to liberate the power. We know that it exists only by observing the spontaneous disintegration of radioactive substances; but knowledge sometimes comes quickly; persons now living may see the day when atomic energy will be used.—*Youth's Companion*.

Cruel and Inhuman

"On what grounds did she seek divorce?"

"She claimed her husband forced her to ride behind him on a motorcycle."

SOUND BUSINESS METHODS

The keynote of President Harding's inaugural was its emphasis on sane and sound business methods as the only means by which the disturbed condition of business can be relieved. This may not sound so immediately attractive as promises of a more illusory kind. There are many public men who will tell you off-hand just how to cure all special wrongs. But if you placed such men in power, they would increase taxation by their costly schemes, they would advance the cost of living for everyone by more expensive production, they would tie up business by measures that check enterprise.

In a number of paragraphs of his inaugural address, Mr. Harding laid emphasis upon such items as the following, as the means for a return to prosperity:

1. Administrative efficiency.
2. Adequate credit.
3. Lightened tax burdens.
4. Efforts to solve agricultural production problems.
5. No unnecessary interference with business by government.
6. National and personal economy.
7. Cooperation between labor and capital, etc., etc.

A program of this kind will not set the galleries shouting. There is nothing in it to rouse class prejudice and win the favor of the factions. But it is only through honest work done along these lines that you can put the community on a good basis.

The principal thing for the government to do in times like these, is to stop wasting the people's money, and to pass laws encouraging business, giving producers confidence to go ahead in a large way. Then the people must do the rest by thrift and hard work. There is no short cut and no royal road back to normal times. It is infinitely better to have a president who realizes these truths, than to have one who deludes the people with illusory hopes that he can't fulfill.

POLICY IN MEXICO

Hundreds of millions of dollars were invested in Mexican enterprises during the 16 years of Republican administration previous to President Wilson. Men who put in this money believed it would be an advantage to everybody to have these rich resources developed. But under the chaos that prevailed there for the last eight years, much of that property was destroyed. The operation of a lot of it was so interfered with that it yielded no revenue, and must have deteriorated.

These losses have unfavorably affected business in this country. If those enterprises had been protected a constant stream of revenue would have flowed into the United States. Staples useful to our people and industries would have been produced.

Democratic sentiment had the idea that the business men who invested in Mexico went down there to exploit and rob the natives. If American capitalists had not been willing to open up new country, they would have been told by the Democrats that they were lacking in enterprise. The business man gets it going and coming from the Democrats. If he acts, he is a robber and exploiter, and if he doesn't act, he has no vision and ambition.

The Democratic administration aroused the antagonism of the Mexicans by attempting to dictate their form of government, but it is not able to give substantial protection to legitimate business.

The new administration will assume until shown to the contrary that when Americans invest in Mexico they are trying to win legitimate success by developing unused resources, and are entitled to protection. It will not tell the Mexicans what kind of government they must have, but it will make it clear that the government they select must perform those functions of protection of life and property which a government is created to conduct.

DAYLIGHT SAYING

The Governor of Massachusetts has signed the daylight saving bill, recently passed by the Massachusetts General Court. This makes the daylight saving commence in that State at 2 a.m. Sunday, April 24, and lasting until Sunday, September 26. This means a five months duration of daylight saving, instead of seven months. The cities and towns of Rhode Island will doubtless make their regulations to harmonize with those of Massachusetts.

Mr. Rufus A. Willis, a well known fisherman, died at the Newport Hospital on Thursday following an operation a short time previous. Funeral services will be held at his home in this town on Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock.

He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. John F. Chase of Newport and Mrs. John P. Casler of Springfield, Mass., and three sons, Messrs. Oscar, Rufus B. and Loyal Willis of Block Island.

St. Georges School will close for the Easter vacation on Tuesday, the boys from New York and the South starting for their homes that evening, while the others will leave early Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Daniel B. Fearing has gone to Washington for a short stay.

CHAMPION THRIFT
STAMP BUYER

George H. Jenkins of Boston Has Purchased One Stamp Daily for Three Years

Best Record in United States for Systematic Purchases

George H. Jenkins, treasurer of the Federal Optical Company of 187 Washington street, Boston, has, according to the Savings Division of the First Federal Reserve District, probably made the best record for the consistent purchase of Thrift and War Savings Stamps of any person in the United States. Certainly his record is the best of any that has thus far come to the notice of the Division's officers, not in total amount but in the systematic manner of the purchases.



GEORGE H. JENKINS

When the stamps first were issued in December, 1917, (dated Jan. 1, 1918) Mr. Jenkins purchased one, then bought one or two more of the \$5 stamps and in March, 1918, decided that he would buy a Thrift Stamp every day. Being of old New England stock that was trained in thrifty ways of living, and with the co-operation of Mrs. Jenkins, who also has been brought up to live economically, Mr. Jenkins thought that this experiment might prove interesting and beneficial. From that time on he has purchased one Thrift Stamp every day except on Sundays and during his vacations. Saturdays he buys two Thrift Stamps, covering Sundays in advance, and the same rule he has applied to the days of his vacations, making the purchases for the entire time spent away from his home in Winchester in advance. It was with the belief that this was the best training in systematic savings that Mr. Jenkins adopted the plan of daily purchases. Rain or shine, hot or cold, he purchased a stamp daily.

The Thrift Stamps were converted into War Savings Stamps as fast as the proper number had been obtained.

At the end of each of the years of 1918 and 1919, Mr. Jenkins purchased enough extra Savings Stamps to bring the total maturity value of the securities for that year up to \$125.

At the end of 1920 he bought enough to give him \$145. in that series, so that he started the year 1921 with \$395 worth of the stamps, and the habit of daily purchases fixed on him permanently. He is enthusiastic over this easy method of saving.

"I undertook to purchase one stamp a day," said Mr. Jenkins, "as a sort of test. After a time I was surprised to find how easy it was to go on buying, how little I missed the quarter a day and how fast it counted up. Instead of buying seven stamps at a time to cover each week as it passed I persisted in the daily purchases. It has proved well worth while. I have not missed the money, needless to say, and I really get enjoyment out of setting myself such a task. It is the best of training in systematic savings, how even a very small amount of money saved daily, may be made to count up to a respectable sum in a year. I believe that if more people would set themselves such a task it would help them and help the government."

In the meantime the girl married a man who inherited his money, and lived happy ever after.

But the dreamer was so proud of his verses that he didn't care; and the man of action was so busy that he didn't care.

The only one to suffer was the man she married. Exchange.

Tells Joke on Herself.

The other morning when Mrs. B.—'s new neighbor accompanied her husband to the door as he was about to start on his way to his work, she lovingly called out to him: "Good-by, sweetheart." Soon after Mrs. B.— and their little daughter went to the door with Mr. B.—. He kissed the little one and said good-by to Mrs. B.—.

She, not wishing to be outdone by her happy neighbor, called to Mr. B.— as he was half way down the walk: "Good-by, dear." Mr. B.— turned around so quickly to look back at his wife that he stumbled and with difficulty kept on his feet. "I saw him shaking with suppressed laughter as he went down the street," said the indignant Mrs. B.— Indianapolis News.

The first year he started buying the stamps, Mr. Jenkins said, his son was born and there were several other calls upon him for emergency expenses but, nevertheless, he persisted in buying the stamps. In June 1920, Mr. Jenkins started purchasing two stamps daily but at the end of two months he decided to go back to the one-stamp-a-day plan. The extras purchased during June and July account for his having accumulated \$20 more last year than in 1918 and 1919.

This year Mr. Jenkins plans to purchase one of the new \$1 Savings stamps as an extra each week and with the \$50 thus to be saved he will secure two of the new \$25 Treasury Savings Certificates.

There have been plenty of people who rushed in and bought much larger amounts of Savings Stamps in a single purchase, but the Savings Division's officers say that they consider Mr. Jenkins' example one deserving of the greatest praise of all because it points the way for small savers to "grow their acorns into large oaks." It shows what can be done by saving systematically and persistently over a long period—and he still continues his plan with more enthusiasm than ever.

Truth About Porcupine.

The quills of the porcupine are loosely inserted in the skin, and may, on being violently shaken, become detached—a circumstance which may have given rise to the purely fabulous statements that the animal possessed the power of actually electing its quills like arrows or darts at an enemy.

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THING THAT REALLY COUNTS

First Punch Always the Effective Agent, in Life as Well as the Squared Circle.

Georges Carpentier is a smart fellow that is; he is something more than a fighter. One might even call the Frenchman a prophet.

"The one that gets in the first punch will win," he said, referring to his coming match with Dempsey.

"We'll let it go at that so far as the next world's championship heavyweight fight goes. But just look around and see if you have a punch in your system and if you can land it first. How hard can you sock 'at your job? What is your hitting average in the a.m.? Or can you take a punch as well as give one?"

They called Trixie Speaker a miracle pilot because he put the punch into a ball club that coppered the world title. He always made it a point to land first on the scoreboard but when he didn't he kept slugging away until he usually had his lead at the end of the game.

Man o' War is called the greatest horse the world has ever had. But the Middle Coll is just a horse that puts the best he has into every race and always Man o' War finishes ahead of the dust.

The football star who "hits 'em first" is usually on the honor roll when the cleats are hung up at the end of the season.

It's the punch that counts, from matches to K. O.—Chicago Evening Post.

IMITATE CUSTOMS OF WEST

Manchu Women on Streets of Peking Use Rouge, but in Manner Pronounced Clumsy.

The first strikingly surprising custom among the citizens of Peking is that the women wear skirts. James A. Muller writes in the National Geographic Magazine. To a traveler fresh from America, this would seem as it should be, but to one resident in the land of trousered women it appears almost incommodious!

They not only wear skirts; they further approximate western usage by painting their faces. Broadway is nature itself in comparison; for in Peking there are no light, artistic touches, but bold check circles of red upon frankly whitened faces—completely unbrushed.

These are the Manchu women. The Manchu men, descendants of the roving Tartars, go futilely about this spacious city of their fathers' balancing trick birds upon their wrists; for now that the empire is no more, their only occupation, that of ruling, is gone, and the conquered Chinese, immemorial city dwellers, are masters of the capital. It is a significant illustration of the age-old ability of the Chinese to absorb and enervate their conquerors.

A Little Love Story.

A dreamer and a man of action loved a woman. The dreamer said: "I shall write verses in her praise; they will touch her vanity and she will love me for them."

But the man of action said: "How old fashioned! I shall corner the stock market, and that will bring me."

So the dreamer wrote verses, and he induced a friend of his, who ran a ten-cent magazine to print them. And the man of action cornered something or other and became a millionaire.

In the meantime the girl married a man who inherited his money, and lived happy ever after.

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New American Industry.

Establishment of a new Eastern factory with 50,000 square feet of floor space, for the manufacture of artificial pearls from fish scale essence, marks the beginning of a new American industry, formerly dependent on imports from France, Germany and Italy, says Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The common herring is the base of supply for the iridescent material used, and removing it is an arduous task, because each scale, taken from certain parts of the fish, yields only a tiny speck of luster.

Suction Tube Unloads the Boat.

A big suction tube is used at Oakland, Cal., in the operation of unloading crafts of their cargo of copra.

The material is thrown into the hold loose and the end of the tube is thrust down the hold. The material is light and the current of air readily picks it up and carries through the pipe to the bins on the wharf where it is stored. Copra is lighter than cork and comes from tropical countries.

To Wash Gold Chain.

Put chain in a small bottle with warm water, some pulverized chalk and a bit of grated castile soap.

Wash the bottle and shake well, then rinse the chain in cold water and wipe on a towel. Gives a brilliant polish.

Sacred Mohammedan Rock.

A report on the Dome of the Rock of Jerusalem is shortly to be published and will be of great interest to the Mohammedan world. It may not be generally known that this place is the third in sanctity of all the sanctuaries of Islam, and indeed for a short period it actually formed the Kibla toward which all Moslems prostrated themselves in prayer.

Among the more important religious associations of this rock we may mention it was here that David and Solomon were called to repentance, and on account of a vision David chose this site for his temple. From this same spot Mohammed ascended to the seventh heaven after his night journey from Mecca, and justly it is to be the scene of the Great Judgment. The historical associations are not less striking and such famous names as Omar Abd-Malek, Saladin and Suliman are all connected with the rock.

Self-Luminous Animals.

Not less than 30 different orders of animals are self-luminous, we are told by the new work of El Newton Harvey on "The Nature of Animal Light."

These include many forms of protozoa, hydroids, jellyfish, bryozoans, polychaetes and oligochaetes worms, brittle stars, crustacea, myriopods, insects, mollusks, primitive chordates and fishes. None of the luminous species inhabit fresh water, all being terrestrial or marine. The luminosity is sometimes shown by both larva and adults, and in a few instances by eggs.

In experiments made, two substances have been isolated—luciferase, an enzyme, and luciferin, a protein, and the light appears to result from bringing these together in the presence of oxygen and water.

Recovered Coin After Fifty Years.

Fifty years ago when the foundations were being laid for the Washington statue in front of Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, John Nash, then a policeman, threw a 2-cent piece into the hole being dug for the foundations. Recently when some changes were being made to the statue, Nash revisited the incident and stirred up the dirt and uncovered the coin. It will be hung in Independence Hall.

Incidentally, Mr. Nash recalled that 2 cents had a buying capacity at that time twelve that of today.

"Rare" Ben's Epitaph.

Not only is Ben Jonson's epitaph in the Abbey, "O rare Ben Jonson," one of the simplest ever composed, but it is said to have cost not more than eightpence. The stone over his resting-place was, originally, quite bare, and an admirer of the dramatist, as a personal tribute, paid a shilling to his son (Ben rents) to cut the four words on the stone. The author of this simple epitaph was probably Sir William Davenant, who succeeded Jonson as Poet Laureate, and was also buried in Poet's Corner, with a similar inscription on his tombstone, "O rare Sir William Davenant."

The Virgilian Plow.

Early the forest elm is bowed by

main force to bend into a share-beam, and takes the shape of the curving plow; to the stock of it are fitted the long eight-foot pole, the two moldboards, and the double link of the share-head; and the light hue is cut to season for the yoke, and the till beech for the plow-tail that is to turn the carriage from above and behind, and oak battens are hung over the fire for, the spoke to search them through.

"The Elegies and Georgics of Virgil" (tr. by J. W. Mackail).

Great Secret.

A business concern in Boston has this pungent maxim prominently displayed in its front window: "A completed transaction is an asset; unfinished business is a liability."

A modern efficiency expert could write a 60,000-word book on that text, and then really not say much more. The world is full of "starters" who never get anywhere. The big idea is to choose only worth while objectives and then finish what you start. Albert Sidney Gregg.

Embarrassing Moment.

The car was crowded and as we neared our destination my cousin and I decided to make our way toward the door. I suddenly missed my purse, so we started back through the car to look for it. A number of people helped us in the hunt, and then a woman said: "Why, your purse is hanging on your umbrella." I should have liked to have made an exit through the nearest window.—Chicago Tribune.

Bears Favored by Nature.

In the woods of India are found many small brown bears that are known as the honey bears, because of their love of honey and their continued search for the hives of wild bees.

These bears are fitted by nature to get the honey, two of the upper incisor teeth being missing, and their lips are very extensible.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

March 24th, 1921
Estate of Martin Wigginton